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BEN JONSON

Every Man in his Humour

1601

Scolar Press

1972

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NOTE

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Everyman in His Humour, Jonson's first undisputed success, was performed initially in late summer of 1598 at the Curtain Theatre, Shoreditch, by the Lord Chamberlain's Men, with Shakespeare, Burbage, and Kemp among the players. The limits of the date are established by two references. The description of Bobadilla as 'that fencing Burgulion' (III. v. 16) is probably an allusion to a Burgundian fencer, John Barrose, who was hanged for murder on 10 July 1598. A letter dated 20 September 1598 from Toby Matthew to Dudley Carleton mentions a German who lost 300 crowns at 'a new play called, Euery mans humour'.

The comedy exists in two forms: the original quarto version of 1601 (reproduced here) and the revision first printed in the 1616 folio collection of Jonson's *Works*. The title first appears in the *Stationers' Register* on 4 August 1600 as 'a booke . . . to be staied'. This entry probably represents an attempt by the Lord Chamberlain's Men to protect its copyright and prevent piracy of the play. On 14 August 1600, the title was entered for Cuthbert Burby and Walter Burre. The 1601 publication bears the latter's imprint.

It is not certain when Jonson revised the play; the dates 1605 (in preparation for revival at Court on 2 February) and 1612 (in preparation for the folio collection) are the most likely. Whatever the date, Jonson's masterly revision was undoubtedly based on the quarto text. In the new version, the playwright changed the Italian setting to an English one and anglicized the names of the original characters, he made several cuts in the action, and he purged the religious oaths. The best comparison of the two states is that of Jonas A. Barish in *Ben Jonson and the Language of Prose Comedy* (1960).

Everyman in His Humour has proved itself among the most popular of Jonson's plays: it has never fallen entirely out of fashion. In addition to the famous first production, in which Shakespeare probably played Lorenzo Senior, other notable stagings of the comedy include Garrick's 1751 version, in which the actor directed himself as Kitley (Thorello); Dickens' revivals of 1845 and 1847, in which the novelist portrayed Bobadil; and the 1937 Stratford-upon-Avon production featuring Donald Wolfitt.

There are many modern editions of the play, most of which are based on the 1616 folio. In their *Ben Jonson*, III (1927), Herford and Simpson print both the quarto and the folio versions. The separate editions by H. H. Carter (1921) and J. W. Lever (1971) present the two texts in parallel.

References: STC 14766; Greg 176(A).

CLAUDE J. SUMMERS

EVERY MAN IN his Humor.

As it hath beene sundry times
publickly acted by the right
Honorable the Lord Cham-
berlaine his servants.

Written by BEN. JOHNSON.

Quod non dant procures, dabit Histrio.

Haud tamen inuidias vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

Imprinted at London for *Walter Burre*, and are to
be sould at his shoppe in Paules Church-yard.
1601.

EVERY MAN IN his Honor.

As a husband and father, every man
should be careful to do his duty
in the eyes of his family and
the world.

Warrant of Appointment



of the Order of the British Empire

For services rendered to the Empire

in the year 1914

By Appointment to the Order of the British Empire
His Majesty the King



3 The number and names of
the Adors.

Lorenzo senior.

Giulliano.

Prospero.

Lorenzo iunior.

Therello.

Biancha.

Stephano.

Hesperida.

Doſtor Clement.

Peto.

Bobadilla.

Matheo.

Musco.

Pizo.

Cob.

Tib.



EVERY MAN

in his Humor.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Lorenzo di Pazzi Senior, Musco.



Ow trust me, here's a goodly day toward.
Musco, call vp my sonne *Lorenzo*: bid him
rise: tell him, I haue some businesse to imploy
him in.

Mus. I will, sir, presently:

Lore.se. But heare you, sirrah;

If he be at study, disturbe him not,

Mus. Very good, sir.

Exit Musco.

Lore.se. How happy would I estimate my selfe,
Could I (by any meane) retyre my sonne,
From one vayne course of study he affects:

He is a scholler (if a man may trust
The lib'rall voyce of double-toung'd report)
Of deare account, in all our *Academies*.

Yet this position must not breede in me
A fast opinion, that he cannot erre.

My selfe was once a *student*, and indeede
Fed with the selfe-same humor he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle *Poetrie*:

But since, Experience hath awakt my sprit's, *Enter Stephano.*
And reason taught them, how to comprehend
The soueraigne vse of study. What, cousin *Stephano*?

What newes with you, that you are here so earely?

Steph. Nothing: but eene come to see how you doe, vncle.

Lore.se. That's kindly done, you are welcome, cousin.

Steph. I, I know that sir, I would not haue come else: how
doeth my cousin, vncle?

Lore.se. Oh well, well, goe in and see; I doubt hee's scarce
stirring yet.

Steph. Vncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, and he haue
e're a booke of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would

B

fayne

Euery man in his Humor.

sayne borrow it.

Lor. Why I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No wusse; but ile practise against next yeare: I haue bought me a hawke, and bels and all; I lacke nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

Lor. Oh most ridiculous.

Step. Nay looke you now, you are angrie vncle, why you know, and a man haue not skill in hawking and hunting now adaies, ile not giue a rush for him; hee is for no gentlemans company, and (by Gods will) I scorne it I, so I doe, to bee a confort for euerie *hum-drum*; hang them *scroiles*, ther's nothing in them in the world, what doe you talke on it? a gentleman must shew himselfe like a gentleman, vncle I pray you be not angrie, I know what I haue to do I trow, I am no nouice.

Lor. Go to, you are a prodigal, and selfe-wild foole,
Nay neuer looke at me, it's I that speake,
Take't as you will, ile not flatter you.
What? haue you not meanes inow to wast
That which your friends haue left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a *Buzzard*,
And know not how to keepe it when you haue done?
Oh it's braue, this will make you a gentleman,
Well Cosen well, I see you are e'ene past hope
Of all reclaime; I so, now you are told on it, you looke ano-
ther way.

Step. What would you haue me do trow?

Lor. What would I haue you do? mary
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thrise,
That I would haue you do, and not to spend
Your crownes on euerie one that humors you:
I would not haue you to intrude your selfe
In euerie gentlemans societie,
Till their affections or your owne desert,
Do worthily inuite you to the place.
For he thats so respectlesse in his course,
Oft sels his reputation vile and cheape,

Euery man in his Humor.

Let not your cariage, and behauiour taste
Of affectation, lest while you pretend
To make a blaze of gentrie to the world
A little puffle of scorne extinguish it,
And you be left like an vnsauorie snuffe,
Whose propertie is onely to offend.
Cosen, lay by such superficiall formes,
And entertaine a perfect reall substance;
Stand not so much on your gentility,

Enter a servingman.

But moderate your expences (now at first)
As you may keepe the same proportion still.
Beare a low saile: soft who's this comes here?

Ser. Gentlemen, God saue you.

Step. Welcome good friend, we doe not stand much vpon
our gentilitie; yet I can assure you mine vncle is a man of a
thousand pounce land a yeare; hee hath but one sonne in the
world; I am his next heire, as simple as I stand here, if my co-
sen die: I haue a faire liuing of mine owne too beside.

Ser. In good time sir.

Step. In good time sir? you do not flout, do you?

Ser. Not I sir.

Step. And you should, here be them can perceiue it, and that
quickly too: Go too, and they can giue it againe soundly, and
need be.

Ser. Why sir let this satisfie you. Good faith I had no such
intent.

Step. By God, and I thought you had sir, I would talke
with you.

Ser. So you may sir, and at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would sir, and you were out of mine vncles
ground, I can tell you.

Lor. Why how now cosen, will this nere be left?

Step. Horson base fellow, by Gods lid, and't were not for
shame, I would.

Lor, se. What would you do? you peremptorie Asse,

B 2

And

Euery man in his Humor.

And yowle not be quiet, get you hence,
You see, the gentleman contaynes himselfe
In modest limits, giuing no reply
To your vnseason'd rude comparatiues;
Yet yowle demeane your selfe, without respect
Eyther of duty, or humanity.

Goe get you in: fore God I am asham'd

Exit Steph.

Thou hast a kinsmans interest in me.

Ser. I pray you, sir, is this *Pazzi* house?

Lor.se. Yes mary is it, sir.

Ser. I should enquire for a gentleman here, one *Signior Lorenzo di Pazzi*; doe you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Lor.se. Yes, sir: or else I should forget my selfe.

Ser. I crye you mercy, sir, I was requested by a gentleman of Florence (hauing some occasion to ride this way) to deliuer you this letter.

Lor.se. To me, sir? What doe you means? I pray you remember your curtsy.

To his deare and most elected friend, Signior Lorenzo di Pazzi!
What might the gentlemans name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be couer'd.

Ser. *Signior Prospero.*

Lor.se. *Signior Prospero?* A young gentleman of the family of *Strozzi*, is he not?

Ser. I, sir, the same: *Signior Thorello*, the rich Florentine merchant married his sister.

Enter Musco.

Lor.se. You say very true. *Musco.*

Mus. Sir,

Lor.se. Make this Gentleman drinke, here.

I pray you goe in, sir, and't please you. *Exeunt.*

Now (without doubt) this letter's to my sonne,

Well: all is one: He be so bold as reade it,

Be it but for the *styles* sake, and the *phrase*;

Both which (I doe presume) are excellent,

And greatly varied from the vulgar forme,

If *Prospero's* inuention gaue them life,

How

Euery man in his Humor.

How now? what stufte is here?

Sirba Lorenzo, I muse we cannot see thee at Florence: S'blood, I doubt, Apollo hath got thee to be his Ingle, that thou comdest not abroad, to visit thine old friends: well, take beede of him; bee may doe somewhat for his household seruants, or so; But for his Retayners, I am sure, I haue knowne some of them, that haue followed him, three, foure, five yeere together, scorning the world with their bare beeles, & at length bene glad for a shift, (though no cleane shift) to lye a whole winter, in halfe a sheete, cursing Charles wayne, and therest of the starres intolerably. But (quis contra diuos?) well; Sirba, sweete villayne, come and see me; but spend one minute in my company, and 'tis enough: I thinke I haue a world of good Iests for thee: oh Sirba, I can shew thee two. of the most perfect, rare, & absolute true Gulls, that euer thou saw'st, if thou wilt come. S'blood, inuent some famous memorable lye, or other, to flap thy father in the mouth withall: thou hast bene father of a thousand, in thy dayes, thou could'st be no Poet else: any sciruy rogish excuse will serue; say thou com'st but to fetch wooll for thine Inke-borne. And then too, thy Father will say thy Wits are a wooll-gathering. But it's no matter; the worse, the better. Any thing is good enough for the old man. Sirba, how if thy Father should see this now? what would he thinke of me? Well, (howeuer I write to thee) I reuerence him in my soule, for the generall good all Florence deliuer's of him. Lorenzo, I conuise thee (by what, let me see) by the depth of our lone, by all the strange sights we haue seene in our dayes, (I or nights eyther) to come to me to Florence this day. Goto, you shall come, and let your Mules goe spinne for once. If thou wilt not, s'hart, what's your gods name? Apollo? I; Apollo. If this melancholy rogue (Lorenzo here) doe not come, graunt, that he doe turne Foole presently, and neuer hereafter, be able to make a good Iest, or a blanke verse, but line in more pennrie of wit and Invention, then eyther the Hall-Beadle, or Poet Nuntins.

Well, it is the strangest letter that euer I read.
Is this the man, my sonne (so oft) hath pray'd
To be the happiest, and most pretious wit
That euer was familiar with Art?

Euery man in his Humor.

Now (by our Ladies blessed sonne) I sweare,
I rather thinke him most infortunate,
In the possession of such holy giftes,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why what vnhalloved ruffian would haue writ,
With so prophane a pen, vnto his friend?
The modest paper eene lookes pale for grieve
To feele her virgin-checke defilde and itaind
With such a blacke and criminall *inscription*.
Well, I had thought my son could not haue straied,
So farre from iudgement, as to mart himselfe
Thus cheapely, (in the open trade of scorne)
To geering *follic*, and fantastique *humour*.
But now I see *opinion* is a foole,
And hath abulde my senses. *Musco*.

Enter Musco.

Musf. Sir,

Lor. se. What is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Musf. Yes sir, a prettie while since.

Lor. se. And wher's *Lorenzo*?

Musf. In his chamber sir.

Lor. se. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Musf. No sir, he saw him not.

Lor. se. Then *Musco* take this letter, and deliuer it vnto *Lorenzo*: but sirra, (on your life) take you no knowledge I haue open'd it.

Musf. O Lord sir, that were a iest in deed.

Exit Musf.

Lor. se. I am resolu'd I will not crosse his iourney.
Nor will I practise any violent meane,
To stay the hot and lustie course of youth,
For youth restrain'd straight growes impatient,
And (in condition) like an eager dogge,
Who (ne're so little from his game withheld)
Turnes head and leapes vp at his masters throat.
Therefore ile studie (by some milder drift).

To

Euery man in his Humor.

To call my sonne vnto a happier shrift.

Exit.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Lorenzo iunior, with Musco.

Mus. Yes sir, (on my word) he opend it, & read the contents.

Lo. iu. It scarce contents me that he did so. But *Musco* didst thou obserue his countenance in the reading of it, whether hee were angrie or please?

Mus. Why sir I saw him not reade it.

Lo. iu. No? how knowest thou then that he opend it?

Mus. Marry sir because he charg'd mee (on my life) to tell no body that he opend it, which (vnlesse he had done) he wold neuer feare to haue it reueald.

Lo. iu. Thats true: well *Musco* hie thee in againe,
Least thy protracted absence do lend light, *Enter Stephan.*
To darke suspicion: *Musco* be assurde
He not forget this thy respectiue loue.

Step. Oh *Musco*, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha-callum doublet; he brought mine vnde a letter euen now?

Mus. Yes sir, what of him?

Step. Where is he, canst thou tell?

Mus. Why he is gone.

Step. Gone? which way? when went he? how long since?

Mus. Its almost halfe an houre ago since he rid hence.

Step. Horson Scanderbag rogue, oh that I had a horse; by Gods lidde i'de fetch him backe againe, with heaue and ho.

Mus. Why you may haue my masters bay gelding, and you will.

Step. But I haue no boots, thats the spite on it.

Mus. Then its no boot to follow him. Let him go and hang sir.

Step. I by my troth; *Musco*, I pray thee help to trusse me a litle; nothing angers mee, but I haue waited such a while for him all vnac'd and vntrufft yonder, and now to see hee is gone the other way.

Mus. Nay I pray you stand still sir.

Step. I will, I will: oh how it vexes me.

Euery man in his Humor.

Mus. Tut, neuer vexe your selfe with the thought of such a base fellow as he.

Step. Nay to see, he stood vpon poynts with me too.

Mus. Like inough so; that was, because he saw you had so fewe at your hose.

Step. What? Hast thou done? Godamercy, good *Musco*.

Mus. I marle, sir, you weare such ill-fauourd course stockings, hauing so good a legge as you haue.

Step. Fo, the stockings be good inough for this time of the yeere; but Ile haue a payre of silke, e're it be long: I thinke, my legge would shewe well in a silke hose.

Mus. I afore God would it rarely well.

Step. In sadnesse I thinke it would: I haue a reasonable good legge.

Mus. You haue an excellent good legge, sir: I pray you pardon me, I haue a little haste in, sir.

Step. A thousand thankes, good *Musco*. *Exit.*

What, I hope he laughs not at me; and he doe——

Lo. iun. Here is a *style* indeed, for a mans senses to leape ouer, e're they come at it: why, it is able to breake the shinnes of any old mans patience in the world. My father read this with patience? Then will I be made an *Eunuch*, and learne to sing Ballads. I doe not deny, but my father may haue as much patience as any other man; for hee vses to take phisicke, and oft taking phisicke, makes a man a very patient creature. But, Signior *Prospero*, had your swaggering *Epistle* here, arriued in my fathers hands, at such an houre of his patience, (I meane, when hee had tane phisicke) it is to bee doubted, whether I should haue read *sweete villayne here*. But, what? My wile cousin; Nay then, Ile furnish our feast with one Gull more toward a messe; hee writesto mee of two, and here's one, that's three, Ifayth. Oh for a fourth: now, *Fortune*, or neuer *Fortune*.

Step. Oh, now I see who he laught at: hee laught at some body in that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me, I would haue told mine vnkle.

Lo. iun. Cousin Stephano: good morrow, good cousin,
how

Euerie man in his Humor.

how fare you?

Step. The better for your asking, I will assure you. I haue beene all about to seeke you; since I came I saw mine vncle; & ifaith how haue you done this great while? Good Lord, by my troth I am glad you are well cousin.

Lor. in. And I am as glad of your comming, I protest to you, for I am sent for by a priuate gentleman, my most speciall deare friend, to come to him to *Florence* this morning, and you shall go with me cousin, if it please you, not els, I will enioyne you no further then stands with your-owne consent, and the condition of a friend.

Step. Why cousin you shall command me and 't were t'wise so farre as *Florence* to do you good; what doe you thinke I will not go with you? I protest.

Lo. in. Nay, nay, you shall not protest.

Step. By God, but I will sir, by your leaue ile protest more to my friend then ile speake of at this time.

Lo. in. You speake very well sir.

Step. Nay not so neither, but I speake to serue my turne.

Lo. in. Your turne? why cousin, a gentleman of so faire sort as you are, of so true cariage, so speciall good parts; of so deare and choice estimation; one whose lowest condition beares the stampe of a great spirit; nay more, a man so grac'd, gilded, or rather (to vse a more fit *Metaphor*) tintoyld by nature, (not that you haue a leaden constitution, couze, although perhaps a little inclining to that temper, & so the more apt to melt with pittie, when you fall into the fire of rage) but for your lustre onely, which reflects as bright to the world as an old Ale-wiues pewter againe a good time; and will you now (with nice modestie) hide such reall ornaments as these, and shadow their glorie as a Millaners wife doth her wrought stomacher, with a timoakie lawne or a blacke cypresse? Come, come, for shame doe not wrong the qualitie of your desert in so poore a kind: but let the *Idea* of what you are, be portraied in your aspect, that men may reade in your lookes; *Here within this place is to be seene, the most admirable rare & accomplisht worke of nature;* Cousin what think

C

you

Every man in his Humor.

you of this?

Step. Marry I do thinke of it, and I will be more melancholick, and gentlemanlike then I haue beene, I doe ensure you.

Lo.in. Why this is well; now if I can but hold vp this humor in him, as it is begun, *Calio* for *Florence*, match him & she can; Come cousin,

Step. Ile follow you. *Lo.in.* Follow me? you must go before.

Step. Must I? nay then I pray you shew me good cousin.

Exeunt.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Signior Matheo, so him Cob.

Mat. I thinke this be the house: what howgh?

Cob. Who's there? oh Signior *Matheo*. God giue you good morrow sir.

Mat. What? *Cob*? how doest thou good *Cob*? doest thou inhabite here *Cob*?

Cob. I sir, I and my lineage haue kept a poore house in our daies.

Mat. Thy lineage *monsieur Cob*? what lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely: mine ancestrie came from a kings loynes, no worse man; and yet no man neither, but *Herring* the king of fish, one of the monarches of the world I assure you. I doe fetch my pedegree and name from the first redde herring that was eaten in *Adam*, & *Eues* kitchin: his *Cob* was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

Mat. Why mightie? why mightie?

Cob. Oh its a mightie while agoe sir, and it was a mightie great *Cob*.

Mat. How knowest thou that?

Cob. How know I? why his ghost comes to me euery night.

Mat. Oh vnfauric iest: the ghost of a herring *Cob*.

Cob. I, why not the ghost of a herring *Cob*, as well as the ghost of *Rashero Baccono*, they were both brould on the coales; you are a scholler, vpsolue me that now.

Mat. Oh rude ignorance. *Cob* canst thou shew me, of a gentleman, one Signior *Bobadilla*, where his lodging is?

Cob.

Euery man in his Humor.

Cob. Oh my guest sir, you meane?

Mat. Thy guest, alas? ha, ha.

(*dilla?*)

Cob. Why do you laugh sir? do you not meane signior *Boba-*

Mat. *Cob* I pray thee aduise thy selfe well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thy selfe too. I dare be sworne hee scornes thy house hee. He lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house? Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if should'st giue it him.

Cob. I will not giue it him. Masse I thought (somewhat was in it) we could not get him to bed all night. Well sir, though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench, and't please you to go vp sir, you shall find him with two cushions vnder his head, and his cloake wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet I warrant hee ne're cast better in his life then hee hath done to night.

Mat. Why was he drunke?

Cob. Drunk sir? you heare not me say so; perhaps he swallow'd a tauerne token, or some such deuise sir; I haue nothing to doe withal: I deale with water and not with wine. Giue me my tankard there, ho. God be with you sir, its sixe a clocke: I should haue caried two turnes by this, what ho? my stopple come.

Mat. Lie in a waterbearers house, a gentleman of his note? well ile tell him my mind.

Exit.

Cob. What *Tib*, she v this gentleman vp to Signior *Boba-*
dilla: oh and my house were the Brazen head now, faith it would eene crie moe fooles yet: you should haue some now, would take him to be a gentleman at the least; alas God helpe the simple, his father's an honest man, a good fishmonger, and so forth: and now doth he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants about the towne, such as my guest is, (oh my guest is a fine man) and they flout him inuincible. He vseth euery day to a Marchants house (where I serue water) one *M. Thorellos*; and here's the iest, he is in loue with my masters sister, and calls her mistres; and there he sits a whole afternoone sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile, (a poxe on them, I cannot abide them) rascally verses, *Poetrie, poetrie,*

Euery man in his Humor.

and speaking of *Enterludes*, t'will make a man burst to heare him : and the wenches, they doe so geere and tike at him; well, should they do as much to me, Ild forswear them all, by the life of Pharoah, there's an oath : how many waterbearers shall you heare sweare such an oath? oh I haue a guest (he teacheth me) he doth sweare the best of any man christned: By Phabus, By the life of Pharaoh, By the body of me, As I am gentleman, and a soldier : such daintie oathes, & withall he doth take this same filthie roaguish Tabacco the finest, and cleanliest; it wold do a man good to see the fume come forth at his nostrils : well, he owes me fortie shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse; by sixpence a time) besides his lodging; I would I had it : I shall haue it he saith next *Action*. *Helter skelter*, hang sorrow, rare will kill a cat, vptailles all, and a poxe on the hangman.

Exit;

Bobadilla discouers himselfe : on a bench; to him Tib.

Bob. Hostesse, hostesse.

Tib. What say you sir?

Bob. A cup of your small beere sweet hostesse.

Tib. Sir, ther's a gentleman below would speake with you.

Bob. A gentleman, (Gods so) I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were sir.

Bob. What ha plague? what meant he?

Mat. Signior Bobadilla,

Matheo within.

Bob. Who's there? (take away the bason good hostesse) come vp sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come vp sir; you come into a cleanly house here.

Mat. God saue you sir, God saue you. *Enter Matheo.*

Bob. Signior Matheo, is't you sir? please you sit downe.

Mat. I thanke you good Signior, you may see, I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so Signior, I was requested to supper yesternight by a sort of gallants where you were wisht for, and drunke to I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me by whom good Signior.

Bob.

Euery man in his Humor.

Bob. Marrie by Signior *Prospero*, and others, why hostesse, a stoole here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste sir, it is very well.

Bob. Bodie of me, it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open mine eyes yet; I was but new risen as you came: how passeth the day abroad sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith some halfe houre to seuen: now trust me you haue an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and priuate.

Bob. I sir, sit downe I pray you: Signior *Matheo* (in any case) possesse no gentlemen of your acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who I sir? no.

Bob. Not that I neede to care who know it, but in regard I would not be so popular and generall, as some be.

Mat. True Signior, I conceiue you.

Bob. For do you see sir, by the hart of my selfe (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as your selfe, or so) I would not extend thus farre.

Mat. O Lord sir I resolue so.

Bob. What new booke haue you there? what? *Go by Hieronimo.*

Mat. I, did you euer see it acted? is't not well pend?

Bob. Well pend: I would faine see all the Poets of our time pen such another play as that was; they'l prate and swagger, and keepe a stirre of arte and deuises, when (by Gods so) they are the most shallow pittifull fellowes that liue vpon the face of the earth againe.

Mat. Indcede, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke: *Oh eyes, no eyes but fountaines fraught with teares; there's a conceit: Fountaines fraught with teares. Oh life, no life, but liuely forme of death: is't not excellent? Oh world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs; O Gods mee: confusde and fild with murther and misdeeds.*

Is't not simply the best that euer you heard?

Ha, how do you like it?

Bob. Tis good.

Euery man in his Humor.

Mat. To thee the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence beaven towers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happie state of true deserving louers.
If they prove rough, vnpolish't, harsh and rude,
Haste made that waste; thus mildly I conclude.

Bob. Nay proceed, proceed, where's this? where's this?

Mat. This sir, a toy of mine owne in my nonage: but when will you come and see my studie? good faith I can shew you some verie good thinges I haue done of late: that boote becomes your legge passing well sir, me thinks.

Bob. So, so, it's a fashion gentlemen vse.

Mat. Masse sir, and now you speake of the fashion, Signior *Prosperos* elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: this other day I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion & workmanship was most beautifull and gentlemanlike; yet hee condemned it for the most pidle and ridiculous that euer he saw.

Bob. Signior *Giuliano*, was it not? the elder brother?

Mat. I sir, he.

Bob. Hang him Rooke he? why he has no more iudgement then a malt horse. By *S. George*, I hold him the most peremptoric absurd clowne (one a them) in Christendome: I protest to you (as I am a gentleman and a soldier) I ne're talk't with the like of him: he ha's not so much as a good word in his bellie, all iron, iron, a good commoditie for a smith to make hob-nailes on.

Mat. I, and he thinkes to carrie it away with his manhood still where he comes: he brags he will giue mee the bastinado, as I heare.

Bob. How, the bastinado? how came he by that word trow?

Mat. Nay indeed he said cudgill me; I tearmd it so for the more grace.

Bob. That may bee, for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith yesterday, they say, a young gallant a friend of mine

Euery man in his Humor.

mine told me so.

Bob. By the life of Pharaoh, and't were my case now, I should send him a challenge presently: the bastinado? come hither, you shall challenge him; ile shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him at pleasure, the first *stockado* if you will, by this ayre.

Mat. Indeed you haue absolute knowledge in the mystery, I haue heard sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom I pray?

Mat. Faith I haue heard it spoken of diuers, that you haue verie rare skill sir.

Bob. By heauen, no, not I, no skill in the earth: some small science, know my time, distance, or so, I haue profess it more for noblemen and gentlemens vse, then mine owne practise I assure you. Hostesse, lend vs another bedstaffe here quickly: looke you sir, exalt not your point aboue this state at any hand, and let your poynard maintaine your defence thus: giue it the gentleman. So sir, come on, oh twine your bodie more about, that you may come to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard; so indifferent. Hollow your bodie more sir, thus: now stand fast on your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time: oh you disorder your point most vilely.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now sir?

Bob. Oh out of measure ill, a well experienced man would passe vpon you at pleasure.

Mat. How meane you passe vpon me?

Bob. Why thus sir? make a thrust at me; come in vpon my time; controll your point, and make a full carriere at the bodie: the best practis'd gentlemen of the time terme it the *passado*, a most desperate thrust, belecue it.

Mat. Well, come sir.

Bob. Why you do not manage your weapons with that facilitie and grace that you should doe, I haue no spirit to play with you, your dearth of iudgement makes you seeme tedious.

Mat. But one veny sir.

Euery man in his Humor.

Bob. Fieveney, most grosse denomination, as euer I heard : oh the *stocke*, do while you liue Signior, note that. Come put on your cloake, and weele go to some priuate place where you are acquainted, some tauerne or so, & weele send for one of these fencers, where he shall breath you at my direction, and then ile teach you that trick, you shall kill him with it at the first if you please: why ile learne you by the true iudgement of the eye, hand and foot, to controll any mans point in the world; Should your aduersary confront you with a pistoll, t'were nothing, you should (by the same rule) controll the bullet, most certaine by *Phœbus*; vnles it were haile-shot: what mony haue you about you sir?

Mat. Faith I haue not past two shillings, or so.

Bob. Tis somewhat with the least, but come, when we haue done, weele call vp Signior *Prospero*; perhaps we shal meet with *Coridon* his brother there.

Exeunt.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Thorello, Giuliano, Pise.

Tho. Pise, come hither: there lies a note within vpon my deske; here take my key: it's no matter neither, where's the boy?

Pise. Within sir, in the warehouse.

Tho. Let him tell ouer that Spanish gold, and weigh it, and do you see the deliuerie of those wares to Signior *Bentiuole*: ile be there my selfe at the receipt of the money anon.

Pise. Verie good sir.

Exit Pise.

Tho. Brother, did you see that same fellow there?

Giu. I, what of him?

Tho. He is e'ne the honestest faithfull seruant, that is this day in *Florence*; (I speake a proud word now) and one that I durst trust my life into his hands, I haue so strong opinion of his loue, if need were.

Giu. God send me neuer such need: but you said you had somewhat to tell me, what is't?

Tho. Faith brother, I am loath to vtter it,

As

Euery man in his Humor.

As fearing to abuse your patience,
But that I know your iudgement more direct;
Able to sway the nearest of affection.

Giul. Come, come, what needs this circumstance?

Tib. I will not say what honor I ascribe
Vnto your friendship, nor in what deare state
I hold your loue; let my continued zeale,
The constant and religious regard,
That I haue euer caried to your name,
My cariage with your sister, all contest;
How much I stand affected to your house.

Giul. You are too tedious, come to the matter, come to the matter.

Tib. Then (without further ceremony) thus.
My brother *Prospero* (I know not how)
Of late is much declin'd from what he was,
And greatly altered in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne're trust me, if I was not proud of him:
Me thought he bare himselfe with such obseruance,
So true election and so faire a forme:
And (what was chiefe) it shewd not borrowed in him,
But all he did became him as his owne,
And seemd as perfect, proper, and innate,
Vnto the mind, as collor to the blood,
But now, his course is so irregular,
So loose affected, and depriu'd of grace.
And he himselfe withall so farre falne off
From his first place, that scarce no note remaines.
To tell mens iudgements where he lately stood;
Hee's growne a stranger to all due respect,
Forget full of his friends, and not content
To stale himselfe in all societies,
He makes my house as common as a *Mart*,
A *Theater*, a publike receptacle
For giddie humor, and diseased riot,

D

And

Euery man in his Humor.

And there, (as in a Tauerne, or a stewes,)
He, and his wilde associates, spend their houres,
In repetition of lasciuious iests,
Sweare, leape, and dance, and reuell night by night,
Controll my seruants : aud indeed what not ?

Gin. Faith I know not what I should say to him : so God
saue mee, I am eene at my wits end, I haue tolde him inough,
one would thinke, if that would serue: well, he knowes what to
trust to for me : let him spend, and spend, and domineere till
his hart ake; & he get a peny more of me, He giue him this care.

Tho. Nay good Brother haue patience.

Gin. S'blood, he mads me, I could eate my very flesh for anger:
I marle you will not tell him of it, how he disquiets your house.

Tho. O there are diuers reasons to dissuade me,
But would your selfe vouchsafe to trauaile in it,
(Though but with plaine, and easie circumstance,)
It would, both come much better to his sence,
And sauer lesse of griefe and discontent.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Confirmes and warrants your authoritie:
Which (seconded by your aspect) will breed
A kinde of duty in him, and regard.
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,
Heape worse on ill, reare a huge pile of hate,
That in the building, would come tottring downe,
And in her ruines, bury all our loue.
Nay more then this brother; (if I should speake)
He would be ready in the heate of passion,
To fill the cares of his familiars,
With oft reporting to them, what disgrace
And grosse disparagement, I had propos'd him,
And then would they straight back him, in opinion,
Make some loose comment vpon euery word,
And out of their distracted phantasies;
Contriuie some slander, that should dwell with me.

And

Euery man in his Humor.

And what would that be thinke you ? many this;
They would giue out, (because my wife is fayre,
My selfe but lately married, and my sifter
Heere sojourning a virgin in my house).
That I were jealous : nay, as sure as death,
Thus they would say : and how that I had wrongd
My brother purposely, thereby to finde
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Gin. Masse perhaps so.

Tbo. Brother they would belecue it : so should I
(Like one of these penurious quack-saluers,)
But trie experiments vpon my selfe,
Open the gates vnto mine owne disgrace,
Lend bare-ribd enuie, oportunitie.
To stab my reputation, and good name.

Enter Boba, and Mathee.

Mat. I will speake to him.

Bob. Speake to him? away, by the life of *Pharoah* you shall
not, you shall not do him that grace : the time of daye to you
Gentleman : is Signior *Prospero* stirring ?

Gin. How then ? what should he doe ?

Bob. Signior *Tborello*, is he within sir?

Tbo. He came not to his lodging to night sir, I assure you.

Gin. Why do you heare ? you. (uenger.

Bob. This gentleman hath satisfied me, Ile talke to no Sca-

Gin. How Scauenger ? stay sir stay. Exeunt.

Tbo. Nay Brother *Ginliano*.

Gin. S'blood stand you away, and you loue me.

Tbo. You shall not follow him now I pray you,
Good faith you shall not.

Gin. Ha ? Scauenger ? well goe to, I say little, but, by this
good day (God forgiue me I should sweare) if I put it vp so,
say I am the rankest—that euer put. S'blood and I swal-
lowe this, Ile neere drawe my sworde in the sight of man
againe while I liue ; Ile sit in a Barne with Madge-owlee
first, Scauenger ? 'Hart and Ile goe neere to fill that huge

Euery man in his Humor.

rimbrell ftop of yours with somewhat and I haue good lucke,
your *Garagantua* breech cannot carry it away so.

Tho. Oh do not fret your selfe thus, neuer thinke on't.

Gin. These are my brothers consoits these, these are his
Cumrades, his walking mates, hees a gallant, a *Caneliero* too, right
hangman cut. God let me not liue, and I could not finde in my
hart to swinge the whole nett of them, one after another, and
begin with him first, I am grieu'd it should be said he is my bro-
ther, and take these courses, well he shall heare on't, and that
tightly too, and I liue Itaith.

Tho. But brother, let your apprehension (then)
Runne in an easie current, not transported
With heady rashnes, or deuouring choller,
And rather carry a perswading spirit,
Whose powers will pearce more gently; and allure;
Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaime,
To a more sodaine and resolu'd assent.

Gin. I, I, let me alone for that I warrant you. *Bell rings.*

Tho. How now? oh the bell rings to breakefast.
Brother *Giuliano*, I pray you go in and beare my wife company:
He but giue order to my seruants for the dispatche of some bu-
sines and come to you presently. *Exit Guil.*

Enter Cob.

What *Cob*? our maides will haue you by the back (Itaith)
For coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so sir, take heede some body haue not them
by the belly for walking so late in the euening. *Exit.*

Tho. Now (in good faith) my minde is somewhat easd,
Though not repold in that securitie,
As I could wish; well, I must be content,
How e're I set a face on't to the world,
Would I had lost this finger at a vente,
So *Prospero* had ne're lodg'd in my house,
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young reuellers,
That any woman should be honest long.

Euery man in his Humor.

Ist like, that factious beauty will preferue
The soueraigne state of chastitie vnscard,
When such strong motiues multer, and make head
Against her single peace? no, no: beware
When mutuall pleasure swayes the appetite,
And spirits of one kinde and qualitie,
Do meete to parlee in the pride of blood.
Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had answer'd their affections: all the world
Should not perswade me, but I were a cuckold:
Mary I hope they haue not got that start.
For opportunity hath balkt them yet,
And shall do still, while I haue eyes and cares
To attend the imposition of my hart,
My presence shall be as an Iron Barre,
Twixt the conspiring motions of desire,
Yea euery looke or glaunce mine eye objects,
Shall checke occasion, as one doth his slaue,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Biancha, with Hesperida.

Bia. Sister *Hesperida*, I pray you fetch downe the Rose wa-
ter aboue in the closet: Sweete hart will you come in to break-
fast.

Exit Hesperida.

Tho. And she haue ouer-heard me now?

Bia. I pray thee (good *Musse*) we stay for you.

Tho. By Christ I would not for a thousand crownes.

Bia. VVhat ayle you sweete hart, are you not well, speake
good *Musse*.

Tho. Troth my head akes extreamely on a suddaine.

Bia. Oh Iesu!

Tho. How now? what?

Bia. Good Lord how it burnes? *Musse* keeps you warme,
good truth it is this new disease; there's a number are trou-
bled withall: for Gods sake sweete hart, come in out of the
ayre.

Euery man in his Humor.

Tho. How simple, and how subtile are her answeres?
A new disease, and many troubled with it.
Why true, she heard me all the world to nothing.

Bia. I pray thee good sweet heart come in; the ayre will do
you harme in troth.

Tho. Ile come to you presently, it will away I hope.

Bia. Pray God it do.

Exit.

Tho. A new disease? I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poore mortals Plague;
For like a pestilence it doth infect
The houses of the braine; first it begins
Solely to worke vpon the fantasie,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
As soone corrupts the iudgement, and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memorie,
Still each of other catching the infection,
Which as a searching vapor spreads it selfe
Confusedly through euery sensiuē part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the blacke poison of suspect.
Ah, but what error is it to know this,
And want the free election of the soule
In such extreames? well, I will once more strue,
(Euen in despite of hell) my selfe to be,
And shake this feauer off that thus shakes me.

Exit.

ACT V S. SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Musco disguised like a soldier.

Musco. S'blood, I cannot chuse but laugh to see my selfe
translated thus, from a poore creature to a creator; for now
must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or else my profession
looses his grace, and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as omi-
nous as the *Fice*, oh sir, it holds for good policie to haue that
outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most deare to

Euery man in his Humor.

vs : So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my maister intends to follow his sonne drie-foot to Florence, this morning : now I knowing of this conspiracie, and therather to insinuate with my young master, (for so must wee that are blew waiters, or men of seruice doe, or else perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeares end, and who weares motley you know :) I haue got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, & intercept him in the midway : if I can but get his cloake, his purse, his hat, nay any thing so I can stay his iourney, *Rex Regum*, I am made for euer ifaith : well, now must I practise to get the true garbe of one of these *Launce-knights*; any arme here, and my : Gods so, young master and his cousin,

Enter Lo. in. and Step.

Lo. in. So sir, and how then ?

Step. Gods foot, I haue lost my purse, I thinke.

Lo. in. How? lost your purse? where? when had you it ?

Step. I cannot tell, stay.

Mus. S'lid I am afraid they will know me, would I could get by them.

Lo. in. What? haue you it ?

Step. No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I.

Lo. in. Nay do not weep, a poxe on it, hang it let it go.

Step. Oh it's here; nay and it had beene lost, I had not car'd but for a iet ring *Marina*'ent me.

Lo. in. A iet ring? oh the poesie, the poesie?

Step. Fine ifaith : *Though fanciesleepe, my loue is deepe*: meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet shee loued mee dearly.

Lo. in. Most excellent.

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was; *The deeper the sweeter, Ile be iudg'd by Saint Peter*.

Lo. in. How, by S. Peter? I do not conceiue that.

Step. Marrie, S. Peter to make vp the meeter.

Lo. in. Well, you are beholding to that Saint, he help't you at your need, thanke him, thanke him.

Euery man in his Humor.

Mus. I will venture, come what will: Gentlemen, please you chaunge a few crownes for a verie excellent good blade here; I am a poore gentleman, a soldier, one that (in the better state of my fortunes) scornd so meane a refuge, but now its the humour of necessitie to haue it so: you seeme to be gentlemen well affected to martiall men, els I should rather die with silence, then liue with shame: howe're, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speakes, not my selfe: this condition agrees not with my spirit.

Lo.in. Where hast thou seru'd?

Mus. May it please you Signior, in all the prouinces of *Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmasia, Poland*, where not? I haue beene a poore seruitor by sea and land, any tyme this xliij. yeares, and follow'd the fortunes of the best Commaunders in Christendome. I was twise shot at the taking of *Aleppo*, once at the reliefe of *Vienna*; I haue beene at *America* in the galleyes thrise, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighes, and yet being thus maim'd I am voide of maintenance, nothing left me but my scarres, the noted markes of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this Rapier friend?

Mus. Faith Signior, I referre it to your owne iudgement; you are a gentleman, giue me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that; but what though, I pray you say, what would you aske?

Mus. I assure you the blade may become the side of the best prince in *Europe*.

Lo.in. I, with a veluet scabberd.

Step. Nay and't be mine it shall haue a veluet scabberd, that is flat, i'de not weare it as'tis and you would giue me an angell.

Mus. At your pleasure Signior, nay it's a most pure *Toledo*.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*: but tell me, what shall I giue you for it? and it had a siluer hilt —

Lo.in. Come, come, you shall not buy it; holde there's a shilling friend, take thy Rapier.

Step. Why but I will buy it now, because you say so: what shall

Euery man in his Humor.

shall I go without a rapier?

Lo. in. You may buy one in the citie.

Step. Tut, ile buy this, so I will; tell me your lowest price.

Lo. in. You shall not I say.

Step. By Gods lid, but I will, though I giue more then 'tis worth.

Lo. in. Come away, you are a foole.

Step. Friend, ile haue it for that word: follow me.

Mus. At your seruice Signior.

Exeunt.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Lorenzo senior.

Lore. My labouring spirit being late oppress
With my sonnes follie, can embrace no rest,
Till it hath plotted by aduise and skill,
How to reduce him from affected will
To reasons manage; which while I intend,
My troubled soule beginnes to apprehend
A farther secret, and to meditate
Vpon the difference of mans estate:
Where is deciphered to true iudgements eye
A deep, conceald, and precious misterie.
Yet can I not but worthily admire
At natures art: who (when she did inspire
This heat of life) plac'd Reason (as a king)
Here in the head, to haue the marshalling
Of our affections: and with soueraigntie
Tosway the state of our weake emperie.
But as in diuers commonwealthes we see,
The forme of gouernment to disagree:
Euen so in man who searcheth soone shal find
As much or more varietie of mind.
Some mens affections like a sullen wife,
Is with her husband reason still at strife.
Others (like proud Arch-traitors that rebell
Against their soueraigne) practise to expell

E

Their

Euery man in his Humor.

Their liege Lord Reason, and not shame to tread
Vpon his holy and annointed head.

But as that land or nation best doth thrive,
Which to smooth-fronted peace is most proclive,
So doth that mind, whose faire affections rang'd
By reasons rules, it ind constant and vnchang'd,
Els, if the power of reason be not such,
Why dowe attribute to him so much?

Or why are we obsequious to his law,
If he want spirit our affects to aue?

Oh no, I argue weakly, he is strong, *Enter Musco.*

Albeit my soune haue done him too much wroag.

Mus. My master: nay faith haue at you: I am flesht now I
haue sped so well: Gentleman, I beseech you respect the estate
of a poor soldier; I am asham'd of this base course of life (God's
my comfort) but extremitie prouokes me to't, what remedie?

Loren. I haue not for you now.

Mus. By the faith I beare vnto God, gentleman, it is no ordi-
narie custome, but onely to preserue inanhood. I protest to
you, a man I haue bin, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

Lor. I pray thee good friend be satisfied.

Mus. Good Signior: by Iesu you may do the part of a kind
gentleman, in lending a poore soldier the price of two cans of
beere, a matter of small value, the King of heauen shall pay
you, and I shall rest thankfull: sweet Signior.

Loren. Nay and you be so importunate—

Mus. Oh Lord sir, need wil haue his course: I was not made
to this vile vse; well, the edge of the enemy could not haue a-
bated me so much: it's hard when a man hath serued in his
Princes cause and be thus. Signior, let me deriue a small peece
of siluer from you, it shall not be giuen in the course of time, by
this good ground, I was faine to pawne my rapier last night
for a poore supper, I am a Pagan els: sweet Signior.

Loren. Belecue me I am rapte with admiration,
To thinke a man of thy exterior presence,
Should (in the constitution of the mind) :

Be

Euery man in his Humor.

Be so degenerate, infirme, and base.
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a seruile kinde of life?
Why were thy education ne're so meane,
Hauing thy limbes : a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselues to thy election,
Nay there the warres might still supply thy wants,
Or seruice of some vertuous Gentleman,
Or honest labour ; nay what can I name,
But would become thee better then to beg?
But men of your condition feede on sloth,
As doth the *Scarabe* on the dung she breeds in,
Not caring how the temper of your spirits
Is eaten with the rust of idlenesse.
Now afore God, what e're he be, that should
Releeue a person of thy qualitie,
While you insitt in this loose desperate course,
I would esteeme the sinne not thine but his.

(if so)

Mus. Faith signior, I would gladly finde some other course

Loren. I, you'd gladly finde it, but you will not seeke it.

Mus. Alasse sir, where should a man seeke? in the warres,
there's no assent by detart in these dayes, but : and for seruice
would it were as soone purchast as wisht for (Gods my com-
fort) I know what I would say.

Loren. Whats thy name.

Mus. Please you : *Portensio*.

Loren. *Portensio*?

Say that a man should entertaine thee now,
Would thou be honest, humble, iust and true.

Mus. Signior : by the place and honor of a souldier.

Loren. Nay, nay, I like not these affected othes;
Speake plainly man : what thinkst thou of my words?

Mus. Nothing signior, but wish my fortunes were as happy
as my seruice should be honest.

Loren. Well follow me, ile prooue thee, if thy deedes
Will cary a proportion to thy words.

Exit Lor.

E 2.

Mus.

Euery man in his Humor.

Mat. Yes sir straight, ile but garter my hose; oh that my bellie were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with laughing. S'ilid, was there euer scene a foxe in yeares to betray himselfe thus? now shall I be posselt of all his determinations, and consequently and my young master well hee is resolu'd to proue my honestie: faith and I am resolu'd to proue his patience: oh I shall abuse him intollerable: this small peece of seruice will bring him cleane out of loue with the soldier for euer. It's no matter, let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot giue him the slip at an instant: why this is better then to haue staid his iourney by halfe, well ile follow him: oh how I long to be imployed. *Exit.*

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Prospero, Bobadilla, and Matheo.

Mat. Yes faith sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you too.

Prof. Oh I came not there to night.

Bob. Your brother deliuered vs as much.

Prof. Who *Giuliano*?

Bob. *Giuliano*? Signior *Prospero*, I know not in what kinde you value me, but let me tell you this: as sure as God I do hold it so much out of mine honor & reputation, if I should but cast the least regard vpon such a dunghill of flesh; I protest to you (as I haue a soule to bee saued) I ne're saw any gentlemanlike part in him; and there were no more men liuing vpon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him by *Phœbus*.

Mat. Troth nor I, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how: he doth not carrie himselfe like a gentleman.

Prof. Oh Signior *Matheo*, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos aquas amauit Iupiter.*

Mat. I vnderstand you sir.

Enter Lorenzo iunior, and Step.

Prof. No question you do sir: *Lorenzo*; now on my soule welcome; how doest thou sweet raskall? my Genius? S'blood I shall loue *Apollo*, & the mad Thespian girles the better while I liue for this; my deare villaine, now I see there's some spirit in thee:

Every man in his Humor.

thee: Sirra these be they two I writ to thee of, nay what a drow-
sie humor is this now? why dost thou not speake?

Lo. In. Oh you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter.

Prof. Why was't not rare?

Lo. In. Yes ile be sworne I was ne're guiltie of reading the
like, match it in all *Plinies* familiar Epistles, and ile haue my
iudgement burnd in the eare for a rogue, make much of thy
vaine, for it is inimitable. But I marle what Camell it was, that
had the cariage of it? for doubtlesse he was no ordinarie beast
that brought it.

Prof. Why?

Lo. In. Why sayest thou? why dost thou thinke that any
reasonable creature, especially in the morning, (the sober time
of the day too) would haue taine my father for me?

Prof. S'blood you iest I hope?

Lo. In. Indeed the best vse we can turne it too, is to make a
jest on't now: but ile assure you, my father had the prouing of
your copy, some howre before I saw it.

Prof. What a dull slaue was this? But sirrah what sayd he
to it yfaith?

Lo. In. Nay I know not what he said. But I haue a shrewd
gesse what he thought.

Pro. What? what?

Lo. In. Mary that thou art a damn'd dissolute villaine;
And I some graine or two better, in keeping thee company.

Prof. Tut that thought is like the Moone in the last quar-
ter, it will change shortly: but sirra, I pray thee be acquainted
with my two *Zanies* heere, thou wilt take exceeding pleasure
in them if thou hearst them once, but what strange peece of
silence is this? the signe of the dumbe man?

Lo. In. Oh sir a kinsman of mine, one that may make our
Musique the fuller and he please, he hath his humor sir.

Prof. Oh what ist? what ist?

Lo. In. Nay: ile neyther do thy iudgement, nor his folly that
wrong, as to prepare thy apprehension: ile leaue him to the
mercy of the time, if you can take him: so.

Euery man in his Humor.

Prof. Well signior *Bobadilla*: signior *Matheo*: I pray you know this Gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, & one that will wel deserue your affection, I know not your name signior, but I shalbe glad of any good occasion, to be more familiar with you.

Step. My name is signior *Stephano*, sir, I am this Gentlemans cousin, sir his father is mine ynckle; sir, I am somewhat melancholic, but you shall commaund me sir, in whatsoeuer is incident to a Gentleman.

Bob. Signior, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, embrace it as a most high fauour, for (by the host of Egypt) but that I conceiue you, to be a Gentleman of some parts, I loue few words: you haue wit: imagine.

Step. I truely sir, I am mightily giuen to melancholy.

Mat. Oh Lord sir, it's your only best humor sir, your true melancholy, breeds your perfect fine wit sir: I am melancholic my selfe diuers times sir, and then do I no more but take your pen and paper presently, and write you your halfe score or your dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

Lo.in. Masse then he vtters them by the grosse.

Step. Truely sir and I loue such things out of measure.

Lo.in. I faith, as well as in measure. (your seruice)

Mat. Why I pray you signior, make vse of my studie, it's at

Step. I thanke you sir, I shalbe bolde I warrant you, haue you a close stoole there?

Mat. Faith sir, I haue some papers there, toyes of mine owne doing at idle houres, that you'll say there's some sparkes of wit in them, when you shall see them.

Prosp. Would they were kindled once, and a good fire made, I might see selfe loue burnd for her heresie.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholic inough?

Lo.in. Oh I, excellent.

Prosp. Signior *Bobadilla*? why muse you so?

Lo.in. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of seruice was perform'd to morow; being *S. Marks* day: shalbe some

Lo.in. In what place was that seruice, I pray you sir? (tē years.

Bob.

Euery man in his Humor.

Bob. Why at the beleagring of *Ghibelletto*, where, in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their liues vpon the breach: ile tell you gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaugre that euer I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of *Tortosa* last yeer by the *Genowayes*, but that (of all other) was the most fatall & dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a souldier:

Step. So, I had as liete as an angell I could sweare as well as that gentleman.

Lo.in. Then you were a seruitor at both it seemes.

Bob. Oh Lord sir: by *Phaeton* I was the first man that entred the breach, and had I not effected it with resolution, I had bene slaine if I had had a million of liues.

Lo.in. Indeed sir?

(like you him?

Step. Nay & you heard him discourse you would say so: how

Bob. I assure you (vpon my saluation) 'tis true, and your selfe shall confesse.

Prof. You must bring him to the racke first.

Bob. Obserue me iudicially sweet signior: they had planted me a demy culuering, iust in the mouth of the breach; now sir (as we were to ascend) their master gunner (a man of no meane skill and courage, you must thinke) confronts me with his Linstock ready to giue fire; I spying his intendement, discharg'd my Petrinell in his bosome, and with this instrument my poore Rapier, ran violently vpon the *Moors* that guarded the ordinance, and put them pell-mell to the sword.

Prof. To the sword? to the Rapier signior.

Lo.in. Oh it was a good figure obseru'd sir: but did you all this signior without hurting your blade.

Bob. Without any impeach on the earth: you shall perceiue sir, it is the most fortunate weapon, that euer rid on a poore gentlemans thigh: shall I tell you sir, you talke of *Mors glay*, *Excaliber*, *Durindana*, or so: tut, I lend no credit to that is reported of them, I know the vertue of mine owne, and therefore I dare the boldier maintaine it,

Euery man in his Humor.

- Step.* I marle whether it be a *Toledo* or no?
- Bob.* A most perfect *Toledo*, I assure you signior.
- Step.* I haue a countriman of his here.
- Mat.* Pray you let's see sir : yes faith it is.
- Bob.* This a *Toledo*? pish.
- Step.* Why do you pish signior?
- Bob.* A Fleming by *Phæbus*, ile buy them for a guilder a peece and ile haue a thouland of them.
- Lo. in.* How say you cousin, I told you thus much.
- Prof.* V Where bought you it signior?
- Step.* Of a scuruy rogue Souldier, a pox of God on him, he swore it was a *Toledo*.
- Bob.* A prouant Rapier, no better.
- Mat.* Masse I thinke it be indeed.
- Lo. in.* Tut now it's too late to looke on it, put it vp, put it vp?
- Step.* V Well I will not put it vp, but by Gods foote, and ere I meet him——
- Prof.* Oh it is past remedie now sir, you must haue patience.
- Step.* Horson conny-catching Raskall; oh I could eate the very hilts for anger.
- Lo. in.* A signe you haue a good Ostrich stomack Cousin.
- Step.* A stomack? would I had him here, you should see and I had a stomacke.
- Prof.* It's better as 'tis : come gentlemen shall we goe?
- Enter Musco.*
- Lo. in.* A miracle cousin, looke here, looke here.
- Step.* Oh, Gods lid, by your leaue, do you know me sir?
- Mus.* I sir, I know you by sight.
- Step.* You sold me a Rapier, did you not?
- Mus.* Yes marry did I sir.
- Step.* You said it was a *Toledo* ha?
- Mus.* True I did so.
- Step.* But it is none.
- Mus.* No sir, I confesse it, it is none.
- Step.* Gentlemen beare witness, he has confest it, By Gods lid, and you had not confest it——

Lo. in.

Euery man in his Humor.

Lo.in. Oh cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay I haue done cousin.

Prof. Why you haue done like a Gentleman, he ha's confest it, what would you more?

Lo.in. Sirra how doost thou like him.

Prof. Oh its a pretious good foole, make much on him; I can compare him to nothing more happely, then a Barbers virginals; for euery one may play vpon him.

Mus. Gentleman, shall I intreat a word with you?

Lo.in. With all my heart sir, you haue not another *Toledo* to sell, haue yee?

Mus. You are pleasant, your name is signior *Lorenzo* as I take it.

Lo.in. You are in the right: S'bloud he meanes to catechize me I thinke. (coate.

Mus. No sir, I leaue that to the Curate, I am none of that

Lo.in. And yet of as bare a coate; well, lay sir.

Mus. Faith signior, I am but seruant to God *Mars* extraordinarie, and indeed (this brasfe varnish being washt off, and three or foure other tricks sublated) I appeare yours in reuerension, after the decease of your good father, *Musco*.

Lo.in. *Musco*, s'bloud what winde hath blowne thee hither in this shape.

Mus. Your Easterly winde sir, the same that blew your father hither.

Lo.in. My father?

Mus. Nay neuer start; it's true, he is come to towne of purpose to seeke you.

Lo.in. Sirra *Prospero*: what shall we do sirra, my father is come to the city.

Prof. Thy father: where is he?

Mus. At a Gentlemans house yonder by Saint *Antonies*, where he but stayes my returne; and then—

Prof. Who's this? *Musco*?

Mus. The same sir.

Prof. Why how comst thou trans-muted thus?

Mus. Faith a deuise, a deuise, nay for the loue of God, stand

F

not

Euery man in his Humor.

not here Gentlemen, house your selues and ile tell you all,

Lo, in. But art thou sure he will stay thy returne?

Mus. Do I liue sir? what a question is that?

Prof. Well wee'le prorogue his expectation a little: *Musco* thou shalt go with vs: Come on Gentle men: nay, I pray thee (good raskall) droope not, s'hart and our wits be so go vey, that one old plodding braine can out-strip vs all, Lord I beleeue thee, may they lie and starue in some miserable spittle, where they may neuer see the face of any true spirit againe, but bee perpetually haunted with some church-yard Hobgoblin in seculo

Mus. Amen, Amen.

(*secularum.*)

Exeunt.

ACTVS TERTIVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Thorello, and Pise.

Pis. He will expect you sir within this halfe houre.

Tho. Why what's a clocke?

Pis. New stricken ten.

Tho. Hath he the money ready, can you tell?

Pis. Yes sir, *Baptista* brought it yesternight.

Tho. Oh that's well: fetch me my cloake.

Exit Pise.

Stay, let me see; an hower to goe and come,

I that will be the least: and then 't will be

An houre, before I can dispatch with him;

Or very neare: well, I will say two houres;

Two houres? ha? things neuer drempt of yet

May be contriu'd, I and effected too,

In two houres absence: well I will not go.

Two houres; no fleering opportunity

I will not giue your trecherie that scope.

Who will not iudge him worthy to be robd,

That sets his doores wide open to a theefe,

And shewes the felon, where his treasure lyes?

Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt

To

Euery man in his Humor.

To taste the fruite of beauties golden tree,
When leaden sleepe seales vp the dragons eyes?
Oh beauty is a *Protest* of some power,
Chiefely when oportunitie attends her:
She will infuse true motion in a stone,
Put glowing fire in an Icie soule,
Stuffe peasants bosoms with proud *Cesars* spleene,
Powre rich deuice into an empty braine:
Bring youth to follies gate; there traine him in,
And after all, extendate his sinne.
Well, I will not go, I am resolu'd for that.
Goe cary it againe, yet stay: yet do too,
I will deferr e it till some other time.

Enter Piso.

Piso. Sir, signior *Platano* wil meet you there with the bond;

Tho. That's true: by Iesu I had cleane forgot it.

I must goe, what's a clocke?

Piso. Past ten sir.

Tho. Hart, then will *Prospero* presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a Iew, if I know what to say,
What courie to take, or which way to resolute.
My braine (me thinkes) is like an hower-glasse,
And my imaginations like the sands,
Runne dribling foorth to fill the mouth of time,
Still chaung'd with turning in the ventricle.
What were I best to doe? it shalbe so.
Nay I dare build vpon his secrecie? *Piso.*

Piso. Sir,

Tho. Yet now I haue bethought me to, I wil not.
Is *Cob* within?

Piso. I thinke he be sir.

Tho. But hee'le prate too, there's no talke of him.
No, there were no courie vpon the earth to this,
If I durst trust him; tut I were secure,
But there's the question now, if he should prooue,

Euery man in his Humor.

Rimarus plenus, then, s'blood I were *Rooke*,
The state that he hath stood in till this present,
Doth promise no such change: what should I feare then?
Well, come what will, ile tempt my fortune once. (*Piso*.
Piso, thou mayest deceiue mee, but I thinke thou louest mee
Piso. Sir, if a seruants zeale and humble ductie may bee
term'd loue, you are posselt of it. (cret, *Piso*.
Tbo. I haue a matter to impart to thee, but thou must be se-
Pis. Sir for that—
Tbo. Nay heare me man; thinke I esteeme thee well,
To let thee in thus to my priuate thoughts;
Piso, it is a thing, fits neerer to my crest,
Then thou art ware of; if thou shouldst reueale it—
Pis. Reueale it sir?
Tbo. Nay, I do not think thou wouldst, but if thou shouldst;
Pis. Sir, then I were a villaine;
Disclaime in me for euer if I do.
Tbo. He will not sweare: he has some meaning sure,
Else (being vrg'd so much) how should he choose,
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He is no puritane, that I am certaine of.
What should I thinke of it? vrge him againe,
And in some other forme: I will do so.
Well *Piso*, thou hast sworne not to disclose; I you did sweare?
Pis. Not yet sir, but I will, so please you.
Tbo. Nay I dare take thy word.
But if thou wilt sweare; do as you thinke good,
I am resolu'd without such circumstance.
Pis. By my soules safetic sir I here protest,
My tongue shall ne're take knowledge of a word
Deliu'er'd me in compasse of your trust.
Tbo. Enough, enough, these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firme as brasle.
Piso come hither: nay we must be close
In managing these actions: So it is,
(Now he ha's sworne I dare the safelier speake;)

Euery man in his Humor.

I haue of late by diuers obseruations—

But, whether his oath be lawfull yea, or no, ha?

I will aske counsel ere I do proceed :

Piso, it will be now too long to stay,

Wee'le spie some fitter time soone, or to morrow.

Pis. At your pleasure sir.

Tho. I pray you search the bookes gainst I returne
For the receipts twixt me and *Platano*.

Pis. I will sir.

Tho. And heare you: if my brother *Prospero*
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen
Ere I come backe: let one straight bring me word.

Pis. Very well sir.

Tho. Forget it not, nor be not you out of the way.

Pis. I will not sir.

Tho. Or whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger or els? faile not to send me word.

Pis. Yes sir.

Tho. Haue care I pray you and remember it.

Pis. I warrant you sir.

Tho. But *Piso*, this is not the secret I told thee of.

Pis. No sir, I suppose so.

Tho. Nay belecue me it is not.

Pis. I do belecue you sir.

Tho. By heauen it is not, that's enough.

Marrie, I would not thou shouldst vtter it to any creature li-
Yet I care not. (uing.

Well, I must hence: *Piso* conceiue thus much,

No ordinarie person could haue drawne

So deepe a secret from me; I meane not this,

But that I haue to tell thee: this is nothing, this.

Piso, remember, silence, buried here:

No greater hell then to be slaue to feare. .

Exit Tho.

Piso. *Piso*, remember, silence, buried here:

Whence should this flow of passion (trow) take head? ha?

Faith ile dreame no longer of this running humor.

Every man in his Humor.

For feare I sinke, the violence of the streame

Alreadie hath transported me so farre,

That I can feele no ground at all: but lofe,

Enter Cob.

Oh it's our waterbearer: somewhat ha's crost him now.

Cob. Fasting dayes: what tell you me of your fasting dayes? would they were all on a light fire for mee: they say the world shall be consum'd with fire and brimstone in the latter day: but I would we had these ember weekes, and these villanous fri-
daies burnt in the meane time, and then —

Pis. Why how now *Cob*, what moues thee to this choller?
ha?

Cob. Coller sir? swounds I scorne your coller, I sir am no colliers horse sir, neuer ride me with your coller, and you doe, ile shew you a iades trickes.

Pis. Oh you'le slip your head out of the coller: why *Cob* you mistake me.

Cob. Nay I haue my rewme, and I be angrie as well as another, sir.

Pis. Thy rewme; thy humor man, thou mistakest.

Cob. Humor? macke, I thinke it bee so indeed: what is this humor? it's some rare thing I warrant.

Pis. Marrie ile tell thee what it is (as tis generally receiued in these daies) it is a monster bred in a man by selfe loue, and affectation, and fed by folly.

Cob. How? must it be fed?

Pis. Oh I, humor is nothing if it be not fed, why, didst thou neuer heare of that? it's a common phrase, *Feed my humor.*

Cob. Ile none on it: humor, auunt, I know you not, be gon. Let who will make hungry meales for you, it shall not bee I: Feed you quoth he's blood I haue much adoe to feed my self, especially on these leane rascall daies too, and't had beene any other day but a fasting day: a plague on them all for mee: by this light one might haue done God good seruice and haue drown'd them al in the floud two or three hundred thousand yeares ago, oh I do stomacke them hugely: I haue a mawe now, and't were for sir Beaulles horse.

Pis.

Everyman in his Humor.

Pis. Nay, but I pray thee *Cob*, what makes thee so out of loue with fasting daies?

Cob. Marrie that, that will make any man out of loue with them, I thinke: their bad conditions, and you will needs know: First, they are of a Flemish breed I am sure on't, for they eate vp more butter then all the daies of the weeke beside: next, they stinke of fish miserably: Thirdly, they'll keep a man deuoutly hungry all day, & at night send him supperlesse to bed.

Pis. Indeed these are faults *Cob*.

Cob. Nay, and this were all, were something, but they are the onely knowne enemies to my generation. A fasting day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore *Cobbes* they smoake for it, they melt in passion, and your maides too know this, and yet would haue me turne *Hannibal*, and eat my owne fish & blood: my princely gouze, feare nothing; I haue not the heart to deuoure you, and I might bee made as rich as *Goliath*: oh that I had rooine for my teares, I could weep salt water enough now to preserue the liues of ten thousand of my kin: but I may curse none but these filthy Almanacks, for ande were not for them, these daies of persectiō would ne're bee knowne. He be hang'd and some Fishmongers sonne doe not make on'them, and puts in more fasting daies then hee should doe, because he would vtter his fathers dried stockfish.

*Pul's out
a red
Herring.*

Pis. Soule peace, thou'lt be beaten. Enter *Mattheo*, *Prospero*, *Lo. iunior*, *Bobadilla*, *Stephano*, *Musco*.
like a stockfish else: here is Signior *Mattheo*. Now must I looke out for a messenger to my Master. *Exeunt Cob & Pis.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

Prof. Beshreiv me, but it was an absolute good iest, and exceedingly well caried.

Lo. iu. I and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Prof. Yes faith, but was't possible thou should'st not know him?

Lo. iu. Fore God not I, and I might haue beene ioind patten with one of the nine worthies for knowing him. S'blood man, he had so writhen himselfe into the habit of one of your poore

Euery man in his Humor.

Disparuit's here, your decaied, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round; such as haue vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your Prouost & his half dozen of halberders do what they can; and haue translated begging out of the olde hackney pace, to a fine easy amble, and made it runne as smooth of the tounge, as a shoue-groat shilling, into the likenes of one of these leane *Pirgo's*, had hee moulded himselfe so perfectly, obseruing euerie tricke of their action, as varying the accent: swearing with an *Emphasis*. Indeed all with so speciall and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seene him) thou wouldst haue sworne he might haue beene the Tamberlaine, or the Agamemnon on the rout.

Prof. Why Musco: who would haue thought thou hadst beene such a gallant?

Lo. in. I cannot tell, but (vnles a man had iuggled begging all his lifetime, and beene a weauer of phrases from his infancy, for the apparrelling of it) I thinke the world cannot produce his Riual.

Prof. Where got'st thou this coat I marl'e.

Mus. Faith sir, I had it of one of the deuils neere kinsmen, a Broker.

Prof. That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold, a craftie knaue needs no broker.

Mus. True sir, but I need a broker, *Ergo* no crafty knaue.

Prof. Well put off, well put off.

Lo. in. Tut, he ha's more of these shifts.

Mus. And yet where I haue one, the broker ha's ten sir.

Enter Pifo.

Pifo. Francisco: Martino: ne're a one to bee found now, what a spite's this?

Prof. How now *Pifo*? is my brother within?

Pif. No sir, my master went forth e'ne now: but Signior *Gixliano* is within. *Cob.* what *Cob*: is he gone too?

Prof. Whither went thy master? *Pifo* canst thou tell?

Pifo. I know not, to Doctor Clements, I thinke sir. *Cob.*

Exit Pifo.

Lo. in.

Euery man in his Humor.

Lo.in. Doctor *Clement*, what's he? I haue heard much speech of him.

Prof. Why, doest thou not know him? he is the *Consolatore* of the state here, an excellent rare ciuilian, and a great scholler, but the onely mad merry olde fellow in Europe: I shewed him you the other day.

Lo.in. Oh I remember him now; Good faith, and he hath a very strange presence me thinkes, it shewes as if he stooode out of the ranke from other men. I haue heard many of his iests in Padua: they say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Prof. For wearing his cloake of one shoulder, or any thing indeede, if it come in the way of his humor.

Pis. Gasper, Martino, Cob: S'hart, where should they be trow?
Enter Piso.

Bob. Signior *Thorello's* man, I pray thee vouchsafe vs the lighting of this match.

Pis. A pox on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe?
Francisco, Cob. *Exit.*

Bob. Body of me: here's the remainder of seuen pound, since yesterday was seuen night. It's your right *Trinidado*: did you neuer take any, signior?

Step. No truly sir? but i'll learne to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Signior belecue me, (vpon my relation) for what I tel you, the world shall not improue. I haue been in the Indies (where this herbe growes) where neither my selfe, nor a dozen Gentlemen more (of my knowledge) haue receiued the taste of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space of one and twentie weekes, but Tabacco onely. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis most diuine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kinde so, it makes an Antidote, that (had you taken the most deadly poysonous simple in all Florence, it should expell it, and clarifie you, with as much ease, as I speak. And for your greene wound, your *Balsamum*, and your — are all meere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your *Trinidado*: your *Newcotian* is good too: I
G could

Euery man in his Humor.

could say what I know of the vertue of it, for the exposing of rewmes, raw humors, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I professe my selfe no quacke-saluer: only thus much: by *Hercules* I doe holde it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in Europe) to be the most soueraigne, and pretious herbe, that euer the earth tendred to the vse of man.

Lo. iu. Oh this speech would haue done rare in a pothecaries mouth.

Pis. I; close by Saint *Antonies*: Doctor *Clements*.

Enter Piso and Cob.

Cob. Oh, Oh.

Bob. Where's the match I gauethee?

Pis. S'blood would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at Sancto Domingo. *Exit.*

Cob. By gods deyness: I marle what pleasure or felicitie they haue in taking this rogish Tabacco: it's good for nothing but to choake a man, and fill him full of smoake, and imbers: there were foure died out of one house last weeke with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yester-night, one of them (they say) will ne're scape it, he voyded a bushell of soote yesterday, vpward and downeward. By the stockes; and there were no wiser men then I, I'd haue it present death, man or woman, that should but deale with a Tabacco pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the'nd as many as vse it; it's little better then rats bane. *Enter Piso.*

All. Oh good signior; hold, hold.

Bob. You base cullion, you.

Pis. Sir, here's your match; come, thou must needes be talking too.

Cob. Nay he wil not meddle with his match I warrant you: well it shall be a deere beating, and I liue.

Bob. Doe you prate?

Lo. iu. Nay good signior, will you regard the humor of a fooler? away knaue.

Prof. *Piso* get him away.

Exit Piso, and Cob.

Bob. A horson filthy slaue, a turd, an excrement. Body of *Cesar*.

Euery man in his Humor.

Cesar, but that I scorne to let forth so meane a spirit, i'd haue stab'd him to the earth;

Prof. Mary God forbid sir.

Bob. By this faire heauen I would haue done it.

Step. Oh he sweares admirably: (by this faire heauen:).
Body of Cesar: I shall neuer doe it, sure (vpon my saluation)
no I haue not the right grace.

Mat. Signior will you any? By this ayre the most diuine
Tabacco as euer I drunke.

Lo.in. I thanke you sir.

Step. Oh this Gentleman doth it rarely too, but nothing
like the other. By this ayre, as I am a Gentleman; by *Phæbus*.
Exit Bob, and Mat.

Mus. Master glaunce, glaunce: Signior *Prospero*.

Step. As I haue a soule to be saued, I doe protest;

Prof. That you are a foole.

Lo.in. Cousin will you any Tabacco?

Step. I sir: vpon my saluation.

Lo.in. How now cousin?

Step. I protest, as I am a Gentleman, but no souldier in-
deede.

Prof. No signior, as I remember you seru'd on a great
horse, last generall muster.

Step. I sir that's true: cousin may I sweare as I am a souldier,
by that?

Lo.in. Oh yes, that you may.

Step. Then as I am a Gentleman, and a souldier, it is diuine
Tabacco.

Prof. But soft, where's signior *Matheo*? gone?

Mus. No sir, they went in here.

Prof. Oh let's follow them: signior *Matheo* is gone to salute
his mistresse, sirra now thou shalt heare some of his verses, for
he neuer comes hither without some shreds of poetrie: Come
signior *Stephano*, *Musco*.

Step. *Musco*? where? is this *Musco*?

Lo.in. I, but peace cousin, no words of it at any hand.

Euery man in his Humor.

Step. Not I by this faire heauen, as I haue a soule to be saued,
by *Phœbus*.

Prof. Oh rare! your cousins discourse is simply suted, all in
oathes.

Lo. in. I, he lacks nothing but a little light stuffe, to draw
them out withall, and he were rarely fitted to the time.

Exeunt.

ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Thorello with Cob.

Tho. Ha, how many are there, sayest thou?

Cob. Marry sir, your brother, Signior *Prospero*.

Tho. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; masse I know not well
there's so many.

Tho. How? so many?

Cob. I, there's some five or sixe of them at the most.

Tho. A swarme, a swarme,
Spight of the Deuill, how they sting my heart!
How long hast thou beene comming hither *Cob*?

Cob. But a little while sir.

Tho. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No sir.

Tho. Tut, then I am familiar with thy haste.
Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marrie?
I that before was rankt in such content,
My mind attir'd in sinoothe silken peace,
Being free master of mine owne free thoughts,
And now become a slaue? what, neuer sigh,
Be of good cheare man: for thou art a cuckold,
'Tis done, 'tis done: nay when such flowing store,
Plentie it selfe falls in my wiues lappe,
The *Cornu-copia* will be mine I know. But *Cob*,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome, ha?

Cob. Like ynough; yet I heard not a word of welcome.

Tho. No, their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice

Drown'd

Euery man in his Humor.

Drown'd in a flood of ioy at their arriuall,
Had lost her motion, state and facultie.

Cob. which of them was't that first kist my wife?
(My sister I should say) my wife; alas,
I feare not her: ha? who was it sayst thou?

Cob. By my troth sir, will you haue the truth of it?

Tho. Oh I good *Cob*: I pray thee.

Cob. God's my iudge, I saw no body to be kist, vnlesse they
would haue kist the post, in the middle of the warehouse; for
there I left them all, at their Tabacco with a poxe.

Tho. How? were they not gone in then e're thou cam'st?

Cob. Oh no sir.

Tho. Spite of the Deuill, what do I stay here then?

Cob. follow me.

Exit. Tho.

Cob. Nay, soft and faire, I haue egges on the spit; I cannot
go yet sir: now am I for some diuers reasons hamnering, ham-
mering reuenge: oh for three or foure gallons of vineger, to
sharpen my wits: Reuenge, vineger reuenge, russet reuenge;
pay, and hee had not lync in my house, t'would neuer haue
greed me; but being my guest, one that ile bee sworne, my
wife ha's lent him her smocke off her backe, while his owne
shirt ha beene at waishing: pawnd her neckerchers for cleane
bands for him: sold almost all my platters to buy him Tabac-
co; and yet to see an ingratitude wretch: strike his host; well I
hope to raile vp an host of furies for't: here comes M. Doctor.

Enter Doctor Clement, Lorenzo sen. Peto.

Clem. What's Signior *Thorello* gone?

Pet. I sir.

Clem. Hart of me, what made him leaue vs so abruptly
How now sirra; what make you here? what wold you haue, ha?

Cob. And't please your worship, I am a poore neighbour of
your worships.

Clem. A neighbour of mine, knaue?

Cob. I sir, at the signe of the water-tankerd, hard by the
greene lattice: I haue paide scot and losse there any time this
eighteene yeares,

Euery man in his Humor.

Clem. What, at the greene lattice?

Cob. No sir: to the parish: mary I haue seldome scap't scot & free at the lattice.

Clem. So: but what busines hath my neighbour?

Cob. And't like your worship, I am come to craue the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knaue? peace of me, knaue? did I e're hurt thee? did I euer threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

Cob. No god's my comfort, I meane your worships warrant, for one that hath wrong'd me sir: his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine haue them bound to a treatie of peace, and I could by any meanes compasse it.

Loren. Why, dost thou goe in danger of thy life for him?

Cob. No sir; but I goe in danger of my death euery houre by his meanes; and I die within a twelue-moneth and a day, I may sweare, by the lawes of the land, that he kil'd me.

Clem. How? how knaue? sweare he kil'd thee? what pretext? what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Mary sir: both blacke and blew, colour ynough, I warrant you I haue it here to shew your worship.

Clem. What is he, that gaue you this sirra?

Cob. A Gentleman in the citie sir.

Clem. A Gentleman? what call you him?

Cob. Signior Bobadilla.

Clem. Good: But wherefore did he beate you sirra? how began the quarrel twixt you? ha: speake truly knaue, I aduise you.

Cob. Marry sir, because I spake against their vagrant Tabacco, as I came by them: for nothing else.

Clem. Ha, you speake against Tabacco? *Peto*, his name.

Pet. What's your name sirra?

Cob. *Oliuer Cob*, sir let *Oliuer Cob*, sir.

Clem. Tell *Oliuer Cob* he shall goe to the iayle.

Pet. *Oliuer Cob*, master Doctor sayes you shall go to the iayle.

Cob. Oh I beseech your worship for gods loue, deare master Doctor.

Clem.

Euery man in his Humor.

Clem. Nay gods pretious: and such drunken knaues as you are come to dispute of Tabacco once; I haue done away with him.

Cob. Oh good master Doctor, sweete Gentleman.

Lore. Sweete *Oliuer*, would I could doe thee any good; master Doctor let me intreat sir.

Clem. What? a tankard-bearer, a thread-bare rascall, a begger, a slaue that neuer drunke out of better the pispot mettle in his life, and he to depraue, and abuse the vertue of an herbe, so generally receyu'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweete Ladies, the cabbins of souldiers: *Peto* away with him, by gods passion, I say, goe too.

Cob. Deare master Doctor.

Loren. Alasse poore *Oliuer*.

Clem. *Peto*: I: and make him a warrant, he shall not goe, I but feare the knaue.

Cob. O diuine Doctor, thanks noble Doctor, most dainty Doctor, delicious Doctor.

Exeunt Peto with Cob.

Clem. Signior *Lorenzo*: Gods pittie man,
Be merry, be merry, leaue these dumpes.

Loren. Troth would I could sir: but enforced mirth
(In my weake iudgement) h'as no happy birth.
The minde, being once a prisoner vnto cares,
The more it dreames on ioy, the worse it fares.
A smyling looke is to a heauie soule,
As a guilt bias, to a leaden bowle,
Which (in it selfe) appeares most vile, being spent.
To no true vse; but onely for ostent.

Clem. Nay but good Signior: heare me a word, heare me a word, your cares are nothing; they are like my cap, soone put on, and as soone put off. What? your sonne is old inough, to gouerne himselfe; let him runne his course, it's the onely way to make him a stay'd man: if he were an vnthrif, a ruffian, a drunkard or a licentious liuer, then you had reason: you had reason to take care; but being none of these, Gods passion, and I had twise so many cares, as you haue, I'd drowne them

Euery man in his Humor.

all in a cup of sacke: come, come, I muse your parcell of a souldier returnes not all this while.

Exeunt.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Giuliano, with Biancha.

Giul. Well sister, I tell you true: and you'll finde it so in the ende.

Bia. Alasse brother, what would you haue me to doe? I cannot helpe it; you see, my brother *Prospero* he brings them in here, they are his friends.

Giul. His friends? his friends? s'blood they do nothing but haunt him vp and downe like a sorte of vnlucky Sprites, and tempt him to all maner of villany, that can be thought of; well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the deuill with some of them; and't were not more for your husbands sake, then any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for them; they should say and sweare, Hell were broken loose, e're they went: But by gods bread, 'tis no bodie's fault but yours: for and you had done as you might haue done, they should haue beene damn'd e're they should haue come in, e're a one of them.

Bia. God's my life; did you euer heare the like? what a strange man is this? could I keepe out all them thinke you? I should put my selfe against halfe a dozen men? should I? Good faith you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to heare you talke so, without any sense or reason.

Enter Matheo with Hesperida, Bobadilla, Stephano,

Lorenzino, Prospero, Musco.

Hesp. Seruant (in troth) you are too prodigall of your wits treasure; thus to powre it forth vpon so meane a subiect, as my worth?

Mat. You say well, you say well:

Giul. Hoyday, heare is stuffe.

Lorenz. Oh now stand close: pray God she can get him to reade it.

Pros.

Euery man in his Humor.

Prof. Tut, feare not : I warrant thee, he will do it of himselfe with much impudencie.

Hef. Seruant, what is that same I pray you?

Mat. Mary an *Elegie*, an *Elegie*, an oddetoy.

Gni. I to mocke an Ape with all, Oh Iesu.

Bia. Sister, I pray you lets heare it.

Mat. Mustresse Ile reede it if you please.

Hef. I pray you doe *seruant*.

Gni. Oh heares no foppery, Sblood it freates me to the galle to thinke on it. *Exit.*

Prof. Oh I, it is his condition, peace : we are farely ridde of him.

Mat. Fayth I did it in an humor: I know not how it is, but please you come neare signior : this gentleman hath iudgement, he knowes how to censure of a. — I pray you sir, you can iudge.

Step. Not I sir: as I haue a soule to be saued, as I am a gentleman.

Lo. in. Nay its well; so long as he doth not forswear himselfe.

Bob. Signior you abuse the excellencie of your mistresse, and her fayre sister. Fye while you line auoyd this prolixity.

Mat. I shall sir : well, *Incipere dulce*.

Lo. in. How, *Incipere dulce*? a sweete thing to be a Foole indeede.

Prof. What, do you take *Incipere* in that sence?

Lo. in. You do not you? Sblood this was your villanie to gull him with a motte.

Prof. Oh the Benchers phrase : *Pauca verba, Pauca verba*.

Mat. Rare creature let me speake without offence,

Would God my rude words had the influence:

To rule thy thoughts, as thy fayre lookes do mine,

Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

Lo. in. Shart, this is in *Hero* and *Leander*?

Prof. Oh I: peace, we shall haue more of this.

Mat. Be not unkinde and fayre mishapen stuffe,

It is behanient boysterous and rough:

H.

How

Euery man in his Humor.

How like you that signior, sblood he shakes his head like a bottle, to feele and there be any brayne in it.

Mat. But obserue the *Catastrophe* now.

And I in dutie will excede all other.

As you in bewtie do excell loues mother.

Lo. in. Well ile haue him free of the brokers, for he vtters no thing but stolne remnants,

Prof. Nay good *Critique* forbear.

Lo. in. A pox on him, hang him filching rogue, steale from the deade? its vvorse then sacriledge.

Prof. Sister vvhat haue you heard? *verses*? I pray you lets see.

Bia. Do you let them go so lightly sister.

Hef. Yes fayth when they come lightly.

Bia. I but if your *seruant* should heare you, he vvould take it heauely:

Hef. No matter he is able to beare.

Bia. So are *Asses*.

Hef. so is hee.

Prof. Signior *Matheo*, vvho made these verses? they are excellent good.

Mat. Oh God sir, its your pleasure to say so sir.

Fayth I made them *extempore* this morning.

Prof. How *extempore*?

Mat. I vvould I might be damnd els: aske signior *Bobadilla*. He sawe me vvrite them, at the: (poxe on it) the *Miter* yonder.

Mus. Well, and the Pope knew hee curst the *Miter* it vvore enough to haue him excommunicated all the *Tauerns* in the towne.

Step. Cosen how do you like this gentlemans verses.

Lo. in. Oh admirable, the best that euer I heard.

Step. By this fayre beauens, they are admirable, The best that euer I heard.

Enter Giuliano.

Giul. I am vext I can hold neuer a bone of me still, Sblood I think they meane to build a *Tabernack* heare, vvell?

Prof.

Euery man in his Humor.

Prof. Sister you haue a simple seruant heare; that crownes your bewtie vvith such *Encumbrances* and *Denises*, you may see what it is to be the mistresse of a vvitt, that can make your perfections so transparent, that euery beare eye may looke thorough them, and see him drowned o'er head and eares, in the deepe vvel of desire. Sister *Blancha* I meruaile you get you not a seruant that can rime and do *trickes* too.

Giu. Oh monster? impudence it selfe; *trickes*?

Bia. *Trickes*, brother? what *trickes*?

Hef. Nay, speake I pray you, vvhat *trickes*?

Bia. I, neuer spare any body heare: but say, vvhat *trickes*?

Hef. Passion of my heart? do *trickes*?

Prof. Sblood heares a *tricke* vied, and reuied: why you monckies you? vvhat a catierwaling do you keepe? has he not giuen you *rhymes*, and *verses*, and *trickes*,

Giu. Oh see the Diuell?

Prof. N. y, you lampe of virginittie, that take it in snuffe for come and cherish this tame poetical tury in your seruant, youle be begd else shortly for a concealement: go to, rewarde his muse, you cannot giue him lesse then a shulling in conscience, for the booke he had it out of: cost him a titton at the least, how now gallants, *Lorenzo*, signior *Bobadilla*? vvhat all sonnes of seilence? no spirite.

Giu. Come you might practise your Ruffian trickes somewhere else, and not heare I wisse: this is no Tauerne, nor no place for such exploits:

Prof. Shart how now?

Giu. Nay boy, neuer looke askaunce at me for the matter; ile tell you of it by Gods bread? I, and you and your companions mend your selues when I haue done.

Prof. My companions.

Giu. I your companions sir; so I say? Sblood I am not afraid of you nor them neyther, you must haue your Poets, & your caueleeres, & your fooles follow you vp and downe the citie, and heare they must come to domineere and swagger? sirha, you *Ballad singer*, and *Slops* your fellow there; get you

Euery man in his Humor.

out; get you out : or (by the will of God) Ile cut of your eares,
goe to.

Prof. Sblood stay, lets see what he dare do : cut of his eares
you are amasse, touch any man heare, and by the Lord ile run
my rapier to the hilt in thee.

Gui. Yea, that would I sayne see, boy. *They all draw, enter*

Bia. Oh Iesu *Piso, Matheo* murder. *Piso and some more*

Hes. Helpe, helpe, *Piso.* *of the house to part*

Lo. in. Gentlemen, *Prospero,* for- *them, the women*
beare I pray you. *make a great crie.*

Bob. Well sirrah, you *Hollofermus* : by my hand I will pinck
thy flesh full of holes with my rapier for this, I will by this
good heauen : nay let him come, let him come, gentlemen by
the body of S. George ile not kill him. *The offer is fight a-*

Piso. Hold, hold forbear : *gaine and are parted.*

Gui. You whoyson bragging coys. *Enter Thorello.*
nyll.

Tho. Why, how now? whats the matter? what stirre is heare,
Whence springs this quarrell, *Piso* where is he?

Put vp your weapons, and put of this rage.

My wife and sister they are cause of this.

What, *Piso*? where is this knaue.

Piso. Heare sir.

Prof. Come, lets goe : this is one of my brothers auncient
humors this?

Steph. I am glad no body was hurt by this auncient humor.

Exit Prospero, Lorenzo in. Musco, Stephano,

Bobadillo, Matheo,

Tho. Why how now brother, who enforst this braule.

Gui. A sorte of lewd rakehelles, that care neither for God nor
the Diuell, And they must come heare to read *Ballads* and *Ro-*
gry and *Trash*, Ile marre the knot of them ere I sleepe perhaps:
especially signior *Pibagorus*, he thats al manner of shapes: and
Songs and *sonnets*, his fellow there.

Hes. Brother indeede you are to violent,
To sudden in your courses, and you know

My

Euery man in his Humor.

My brother *Prosperus* temper will not beare
Any reproofe, chiefly in such a presence,
Where euery slight disgrace he should receiue,
Would wound him in opinion and respect.

Gu. Respect? what talke you of respect mongst such
As had neyther sparke of manhood nor good manners,
By God I am ashamed to heare you: respect? *Exit.*

Hes. Yes there was one a ciuill gentleman,
And very worthely demeaned himselfe.

Tho. Oh that was some loue of yours, sister.

Hes. A loue of mine? in fayth I would he were
No others loue but mine.

Bia. Indeede he seemd to be a gentleman of an exceeding
fayre disposition, and of very excellent good partes.

Exit Hesperida, Biancha.

Tho. Her loue, by Iesu: my wifes minion,
Fayre disposition? excellent good partes?
S'hart, these phrases are intollerable,
Good partes? how should she know his partes? well: well,
It is too playne, too cleare: *Pizo*, come hether.
What are they gone?

Pi. I sir they went in.

Tho. Are any of the gallants within?

Pi. No sir they are all gone.

Tho. Art thou sure of it?

Pi. I sir I can assure you.

Tho. *Pizo* what gentleman was that they prayd for?

Pizo. One they call him signior *Lorenzo*, a fayre young gentleman sir,

Tho. I, I thought so: my minde gaue me as much:
Sblood ile be hangd if they haue not hid him in the house,
Some where, ile goe search, *Pizo* go with me,
Be true to me and thou shalt finde me bountifull;

Exeunt.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter CoB, to him Tib.

Cob. What *Tib*, *Tib*, I say.

H 3.

Tib.

Euery man in his Humor.

Tib. How now, what cuckold is that knockes so hard?
Oh husband ist you, whats the newes?

Cob. Nay you haue stonnd me I sayth? you hūe giuen me a knocke on the forehead, will sticke by me: cuckold? Swoundes cuckolde?

Tib. Away you foole did I know it vvas you that knockt,
Come, come, you may call me as bad vwhen you list.

Cob. May I? swoundes *Tib* you are a whore:

Tib. Shart you lie in your throte:

Cob. How the lye? and in my throte too? do you long to be
stabd, ha?

Tib. Why you are no souldier?

Cob. Masse thats true, vwhen vvas *Bobadilla* heared? hat
Rogue, that *Slane*, that feneing *Burgullin*? ile tickle him I say.

Tib. Why vwhat's the matter?

Cob. Oh he hath basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I hāne
it heare vwill sause him, oh the doctor, the honestest old *Fro-
ian* in all *Italy*, I do honour the very flea of his dog: a plague
on him he put me once in a villanous filthy seare: marry, it
vanisht away like the smooke of *Tobacco*: but I vvas smooke
soundly first, I thanke the Diuell, and his good *Angell* my
guelt: vell vvife: or *Tib* (vvhich you vvill) get you in, and
locke the doore I charge you, let no bōdy into you: not *Bob-
badilla* himselfe; nor the diuell in his likeness; you are a vvo-
man; you haue flesh and blood enough in you; therefore be
not tempted; keepe the doore shut vpon all cummers.

Tib. I vvarrant you there shall no body enter heare vvith-
out my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent sweete *Tib* and so I leaue you.

Tib. Its more then you know, vvwhether you leaue me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why sweete.

Cob. Tut sweete, or soure, thou art a flower,
Keepe close thy doore, I aske no more.

Exeunt.

SCENA SEXTA.

Enter Lorenzo in. Prospero, Stephano, Musco.

Lo. in. Well *Musco* performe this businesse happily,

And

Euery man in his Humor.

And thou makest a conquest of my loue forouer,

Prof. I sayth now let thy spirites put on their best habit,
But at any hand remember thy message to my brother.
For theres no other meanes to start him?

Mus. I warrant you sir, feare nothing I haue a nimble soule
that hath wakt all my imaginative forces by this time, and
put them in true motion: vvhath you haue possesse me with-
all? He discharge it amply sir, Make no question.

Exit Musco.

Prof. Thats vuell sayd *Musco*: sayth sirha how dost thou,
aproue my vvith in this deuise?

Lo.in. Troth vuell, howsoeuer? but excellent if it take.

Prof. Take man: vvhhy it cannot chuse but take, if the cir-
cumstances miscarry not, but tell me zealously: dost thou
affect my sister *Hesperida* as thou pretendest?

Lo.in. *Prospero* by Iesu,

Prof. Come do not protest I beleue thee: I sayth she is a
virgine of good ornament, and much modestie, vnlesse I
conceiud very worthely of her, thou shouldest not haue
her.

Lo.in. Nay I thinke it a question whether I shall haue her
for all that.

Prof. Sblood thou shalt haue her, by this light thou shalt?

Lo.in. Nay do not sweare.

Prof. By *S. Marke* thou shalt haue her: ile go fetch her pre-
sently, poynt but where to meete, and by this hand ile bring
her?

Lo.in. Hold, hold, what all pollicie dead? no preuention of
mischiefes stirring.

Prof. Why, by what shall I sweare by? thou shalt haue her
by my soule.

Lo.in. I pray the haue patience I am satisfied: *Prospero* o-
mit no offered occasion, that may make my desires compleate
I beseech thee.

Prof. I warrant thee,

Exeunt.

H 4

ACTVS

Euery man in his Humor.

ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Lorenzo senior, Peto, meeting Musco.

Peto. Was your man a souldier sir.

Lo. I a knaue I tooke him vp begging vpon the way,
This morning as I was cumming to the citie,
Oh? heare he is; come on, you make fayre speede:
Why? whereon Gods name haue you beene so long?

Mus. Mary (Gods my comfort) where I thought I should
haue had little comfort of your worships seruice:

Lo. How so?

Mus. Oh God sir? your cumming to the citie, & your enter-
taynement of men, and your sending me to watch; indeede, all
the circumstances are as open to your sonne as to your selfe.

Lo. How should that be? vnlesse that villaine *Musco*
Haue told him of the letter, and discouered
All that I strictly chargd him to conceale? tis soe.

Mus. I sayth you haue hit it: tis so indeede.

Lo. But how should he know thee to be my man.

Mus. Nay sir, I cannot tell; vnlesse it were by the blacke arte?
is not your sonne a scholler sir?

Lo. Yes; but I hope his soule is not allied
To such a diuelish practise: if it were,
I had iust cause to weepe my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.

But where didst thou finde them *Portensio*?

Mus. Nay sir, rather you should aske where the found me?
for ile be sworne I was going along in the streete, thinking
nothing, when (of a suddayne) one calles, *Signior Lorenzos man*:
another, he cries, *souldier*: and thus halfe a dosen of them, till
they had got me within doores, where I no sooner came, but
out flies their rapiers and all bent agaynst my brest, they
swore sometwo or three hundreth oathes, and all to tell me I
was but a dead man, if I did not confesse where you were, and
how I was imployed, and about what, which when they
could not get out of me: (as Gods my iudge, they should haue
kild me first) they lockt me vp into a roome in the toppe of a
house

Euery man in his Humor.

house, where by great miracle (hauing a light hart) I slidde downe by a bottome of packthread into the streete, and so scapt: but maister, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt vp: there were a great many merchants and rich citzens wiues with them at a banquet, and your sonne *Signior Lorenzo*, has poynted one of them to meete anone at one *Cobs* house, a waterbearers? that dwelles by the wall: now there you shall be sure to take him: for fayle he will not.

Lo. Nor will I fayle to breake this match, I doubt not;
Well: go thou along with maister doctors man,
And stay there for me? at one *Cobs* house sayst thou. *Exit.*

Mus. I sir, there you shall haue him: when can you tell? much wench, or much sonne: sblood when he has stayd there three or foure houres, trauellling with the expectation of somewhat; and at the length be deliuered of nothing: oh the sport that I should the take to look on him if I durst but now I meane to appeare no more afore him in this shape: I haue another tricke to act yet? oh that I were so happy, as to light vpon an ounce now of this doctors clarke: God saue you sir,

Peto. I thanke you good sir.

Mus. I haue made you stay somewhat long sir.

Peto. Not a whit sir, I pray you what sir do you meane: you haue beene lately in the warres sir it seemes.

Mus. I Marry haue I sir.

Peto. Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine of you if it please you to accept it.

Mus. Oh Lord sir.

Peto. But to heare the manner of you seruises, and your deuises in the warres, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Romane histories.

Mus. Oh God no sir, why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to descourse to you what I know: and more to somewhat.

Peto. No better time then now sir, weele goe to the *Meere-maide* there we shall haue a cuppe of neate vine, I pray you sir let me request you.

I.

Mus.

Euery man in his Humor.

Mus. Ile follow you sir, he is mine owne I fayth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bobadillo, Lorenzo in. Matheo, Stephano.

Mat. Signior did you euer see the like cloune of him, where we vvere to day: signior *Prosperos* brother? I thinke the vvhole earth cannot shew his like by Iesu.

Lo. We vvere now speaking of him, signior *Bobadillo* telles me he is fallen foule of you two.

Mat. Oh I sir, he threatned me with the bastinado.

Bo. I but I think I taught you a trick this morning for that. You shall kill him without all question: if you be so minded.

Mat. Indecde it is a most excellent tricke.

Bo. Oh you do not giue spirit enough to your motion, you are too dull, too tardie: oh it must be done like lightning, hay?

Mat. Oh rare.

Bob. Tut tis nothing and't be not done in a——

Lo. in. Signior did you neuer play with any of our mai-
sters here.

Mat. Oh good sir.

Bob. Nay for a more instance of their preposterous humor, there came three or foure of them to me, at a gentlemans house, where it was my chance to bee resident at that time, to intreate my presence at their scholes, and withall so much importund me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was ashamed of their rude demeanor out of all measure: vuell, I tolde them that to come to a publique schoole they should pardon me, it was opposite to my humor, but if so they vwould attend me at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or fauour I could, as I vvas a gentleman. &c.

Lo. in. So sir, then you tried their skill.

Bob. Alasse soone tried: you shall heare sir, within two or three dayes after, they came, and by Iesu good signior belecue me, I grac't them exceedingly, shewd them some two or three trickes of preuention, hath got them since admirable credit, they cannot denie this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other reason on the earth.

Lo. in. This is strange and vile as euer I heard.

Bob.

Euery man in his Humor.

Bob. I will tell you sir vpon my first comming to the citie, they assaulted me some three, foure, five, six, of them together as I haue walkt alone, in diuers places of the citie; as vpon the exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie: where I haue driuen them afore me the whole length of a streete, in the open view of all our gallants, pittying to hurt them belecue me; yet all this lenety will not depreſſe their ſpleane: they will be doing with the Piſmier, rayſing a hill, a man may ſpurne abroad with his foote at pleaſure: by my ſoule I could haue ſlayne them all, but I delight not in murder: I am loth to beare any other but a baſtinado for them, and yet I hold it good pollicie not to goe diſarmd, for though I be ſkilfull, I may be ſuppreſſd with multitudes.

Lo. is. I by Ieſu may you ſir and (in my conceite) our whole nation ſhould ſuſtaine the loſſe by it, if it were ſo.

Bob. Alaffe no: what's a peculier man, to a nation? not ſeene.

Lo. in. I but your ſkill ſir.

Bob. Indeeed that might be ſome loſſe, but who reſpects it? I will tel you Signior (in priuate) I am a gentleman, and liue here obſcure, and to my ſelfe: but were I known to the Duke (obſerue me) I would vndertake (vpon my heade and life) for the publique benefit of the ſtate, not onely to ſpare the intire liues of his ſubieſts in generall, but to ſaue the one halfe: nay there partes of his yeerely charges, in holding warres generally agaynſt all his enemies? and how will I do it thinke you?

Lo. is. Nay I know not, nor can I conceiue.

Bo. Marry thus, I would ſelect 19 more to my ſelfe, throughout the land; gentlemē they ſhould be of good ſpirit; ſtrong & able conſtitutiō, I would chuſe the by an inſtinct, a trick that I haue: & I would teach theſe 19. the ſpecial tricks, as your *Punto*, your *Reuerſo*, your *Stoccato*, your *Imbroccato*, your *Paſſello*, your *Montaunto*, till they could all play very neare or altogether as well as my ſelfe, this done; ſay the enemy were forty thouſand ſtrong: we twenty wold come into the field the tenth of *March*, or therabouts; & wold challengge twenty of the enemy? they could not in there honor reſuſe the combat: wel, we wold kil them:

I 2,

challenge

Euery man in his Humor.

challenge twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus would we kill euery man, his twentie a day, thats twentie score; twentie score, thats two hundreth; two hundreth a day, fiue dayes a thousand: fortie thousand; fortie times fiue, fiue times fortie, two hundreth dayes killles them all, by computation, and this will I venture my life to performe: prouided there be no treason practised vpon vs.

Lo. iii. Why are you so sure of your hand at all times?

Bob. Tut, neuer mistrust vpon my soule.

Lo. iii. Masse I would not stand in signior *Giuliano* state, then; And you meete him, for the wealth of *Florence*.

Bob. Why signior, by Iesu if hee were heare now: I would not draw my weapon on him, let this gentleman doe his mind, but I wil bastinado him (by heauen) & euer I meete him.

Mat. Fayth and ile haue a sling at him.

Enter Giuliano and goes out agayne.

Lo. iii. Looke yonder he goes I thinke.

Gui. Sblood, vvhat lucke haue I, I cannot meete vvith these bragging rascalls.

Bob. Its not he: is it?

Lo. iii. Yes sayth it is he?

Mat. Ile be hangd then if that vv ere he.

Lo. iii. Before God it vv as he: you make me sweare.

Step. Vpon my saluation it vv as hee.

Bob. Well had I thought it had beene he: he could not haue gone so, but I cannot be induc'd to beleeeue it vv as he yet.

Enter Giulliano.

Gui. Oh gallant haue I found you? draw to your tooles, draw, or by Gods vvill ile thresh you.

Bob. Signior heare me?

Gui. Draw your vv eapons then:

Bob. Signior, I neuer thought it till now: body of S. *George*, I haue a vvarrant of the peace serued on me euen now, as I came along by a vvaterbearer, this gentleman saw it, signior *Masbee*,

Gui.

Euery man in his Humor.

Gi. The peace? Sblood, you vwill not draw?

Matteo runnes away.

Lo.in. Hold signior hold, vnder thy fauour forbearc.

He beates him and disarms him.

Gi. Prate agayne as you like this you vvhoreson cowardly rascall, youle controule the poynt you? your confort hee i gone? had he stayd he had shard vvith yow insayth.

Exit Giulliano.

Bob. Well gentlemen beare vvitnesse I vvas bound to the peace, by Iesu.

Lo.in. Why and though you vv ere sir, the lawe alowes you to defend your selfe; thats but a poore excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell; I neuer sustayned the like disgrace (by heauen) sure I vvas strooke vvith a Plannet then, for I had no power to touch my vveapon.

Exit.

Lo.in. I like inough I haue heard of many that haue beene beaten vnder a plannet; goe get you to the Surgions, sblood and these be your tricks, your passados, & your Mountauntos ilenone of them: oh God that this age should bring forth snch creatures? come cosen.

Step. Masse ile haue this cloke.

Lo.in. Gods vvill: its *Giullianos.*

Step. Nay but tis mine now, another might haue tane it vp aswell as I, ile vveare it so I vvill.

Lo.in. How and he see it, heele challenge it assure your selfe.

Step. I but he shall not haue it; ile say I bought it.

Lo.in. Aduise you cosen, take heede he giue not you as much.

Exennt.

Enter Thorello, Prospero, Biancha, Hesperida.

Tbo. Now trust me *Prospero* you were much to blame,
T'incense your brother and disturbe the peace,
Of my poore house, for there be sentinelles,
That euery minute vvatch to giue alarames,
Of ciuill vvarre, vvithout adiection,
Of your assistance and occasion.

Prof. No harme done brother I vvarrant you: since there is

Euery man in his Humor.

no harme done, anger costs a man nothing: and a tall man is neuer his owne man til he be angry, to keep his valure in obscuritie: is to keepe himselfe as it were in a cloke-bag: vvhats a inuision vnlesse he play? whats a tall man vnlesse he fight? for indeede all this my brother stands vpon absolutely, and that made me fall in vvith him so resolutely.

Bia. I but vvhat harme might haue come of it?

Prof. Might? so might the good warme cloathes your husband vveares be poysond for any thing he knowes, or the vvholesome vvine he drunke euen now at the table.

Tho. Now God forbid: O me? now I remember, My vvife drunke to me last; and changd the cuppe, And bad me vware this cursed sute to day; See, if God suffer murder vndiscovered? I feele me ill; giue me some Mithredate, Some Mithredate and oyle; good sister fetch me, O I am sicke at hart: I burne, I burne; If you will saue my life goe fetch it mee.

Prof. Oh strange humor my very breath hath poysond him.

Hes. Good brother be content, what do you meane, The strength of these extreame conceites will kill you?

Bia. Beshrew your hart blood, brother *Prossero*, For putting such a toy into his head.

Prof. Is a fit similitie, a toy? will he be poysond with a similitie? Brother *Thorello*, what a strange and vaine imagination is this? For shame be wiser, of my soule theres no such matter.

Tho. Am I not sicke? how am I then not poysond? Am I not poysond? how am I then so sicke?

Bia. If you be sicke, your owne thoughts make you sicke.

Prof. His iecaloucie is the poyson he hath taken.

Enter Musco like the doctors man.

Mus. Signior *Thorello* my maister doctör *Clement* salutes you, and desires to speake with you, with all speede possible.

Tho. No time but now? well, ile waite vpon his worship, *Pizo, Cob*, ile seeke them out, and set them sentinelles till I returne

Euery man in his Humor.

turne. *Pizo, Cob, Pizo.*

Exit.

Prof. Musco, this is rare, but how gotst thou this apparrel of the doctors man.

Mus. Marry sir. My youth would needes bestow the wine of me to heare some martiall discourse; where I so marshald him, that I made him monstrous drunke, & because too much heate vvas the cause of his distemper, I stript him starke naked as he lay along a sleepe, and borrowed his sewt to deliuer this counterfeit inesseage in, leauing a rustie armour, and an olde browne bill to watch him; till my returne: which shall be when I haue paund his apparrell, and spent the monie perhappes.

Prof. Well thou art a madde knaue *Musco*, his absence will be a good subiect for more mirth: I pray the returne to thy young maister *Lorenzo*, and will him to meete me and *Hesperida* at the Friery presently: for here tell him the house is so sturde with iealousie, that there is no roome for loue to stand vpright in: but ile vse such meanes she shall come thether, and that I thinke will meete best with his desires: Hye thee good *Musco*.

Mus. I goe sir.

Exit.

Enter Thorell to him Pizo.

Tho. Ho *Pizo, Cob*, where are these villaines troe?
Oh, art thou there? *Pizo* harke thee here:
Marke what I say to thee, I must goe foorth;
Be carefull of thy promise, keepe good watch,
Note euery gallant and obserue him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistrisse;
If she would shew him roomes, the least is stale,
Follow them *Pizo* or els hang on him,
And let him not go after, marke their looks?
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him,
But prayse his legge, or foote, or if she say,

Euery man in his Humor.

The day is hotte, and bid him feele her hand,
How hot it is, oh thats a monstrous thing:
Note me all this, sweete *Pizo*; marke their sighes,
And if they do but vvisper breake them off,
Ile beare thee out in it: vvilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true sweete *Pizo*?

Pi. Most true sir.

Tho. Thankes gentle *Pizo*: vvhere is *Cob*? now: *Cob*?

Exit Thorello.

Bia. Hees euer calling for *Cob*, I vvonder how hee im-
ployes *Cob* soe.

Prof. Indeede sister to aske how he imployes *Cob*, is a neces-
sary question for you that are his vvife, and a thing not very
easie for you to be satisfied in: but this ile assure you *Cob*'s vvife
is an excellent bawd indeede: and oftentimes your husband
hauntes her house, marry to vvhat end I cannot altogether ac-
cuse him, imagine you vvhat you thinke conuenient: but I
haue knowne fayre hides haue foule hartes eare now, I can
tell you.

Bia. Neuer sayd you truer then that brother? *Pizo* fetch your
cloke, and goe vvith me, ile after him presently: I vvould to
Christ I could take him there I sayth.

Exeunt Pizo and Biancha.

Prof. So let them goe: this may make sport anone, now my
fayre sister *Hesperida*: ah that you knew how happy a thing it
vvere to be fayre and bewtiful?

Hes. That toucheth not me brother.

Prof. Thats true: thats euen the fault of it, for indeede bew-
tie stands a woman in no stead, vnles it procure her touching:
but sister vvwhether it touch you or noe, it touches your bew-
ties, and I am sure they will abide the touch, and they doe not
a plague of al ceruse say I, and it touches me to in part, though
not in the. Well, theres a deare and respected friend of mine
sister, stands very strongly affected towards you, and hath
vowed to inflame vvhole bonafires of zeale in his hart, in ho-
nor of your perfections, I haue already engaged my promise
to

Euery man in his Humor.

to bring you where you shal heare him conferme much more then I am able to lay downe for him: Signior *Lorenzo* is the man: vvhath say you sister shall I intreate so much fauour of you for my friend, is too direct and attend you to his meeting? vpon my soule he loues you extreemely, approue it sweete *Hesperida* vvill you?

Hes. Fayth I had very little confidence in mine owne constancie if I durst not meete a man: but brother *Prospero* this motion of yours saucours of an olde knight aduenturers seruant, me thinkes.

Prof. Whats that sister.

Hes. Marry of the squire.

Prof. No matter *Hesperida* if it did, I vvould be such an one for my friend, but say, will you goe?

Hes. Brother I will, and blesse my hapny starres.

Enter Clement and Thorello.

Clem. Why vvhat villanie is this? my man gone on a false message, and runne away vvhen he has done, vvhy vvhat trick is there in it trow? 1. 2. 3. 4. and 5.

Tho. How: is my wife gone foorth, vvhere is she sister?

Hes. Shees gone abroad vvith *Pizo*.

Tho. Abroad vvith *Pizo*? oh that villaine dors me,

He hath discouered all vnto my vvife,

Beast that I vvas to trust him: vvhither vvvent she?

Hes. I know not sir.

Prof. Ile tell you brother vvhither I suspect shees gone,

Tho. Whither for Gods sake?

Prof. To *Cobs* house I belecue: but keepe my counsayle.!

Tho. I vvill, I vvill, to *Cobs* house? doth she haunt *Cobs*,

Shees gone a purpose now to cuckold me,

With that lewd rascall, vvho to vvinne her fauour,

Hath told her all.

Exit.

Clem. But did you mistresse see my man bring him a message.

Prof. That vve did maister doctor.

Clem. And vvhither vvvent the knaue?

K.

Prof.

Euery man in his Humor.

Prof. To the Tauerne I thinke sir.

Clem. What did *Thorell* giue him any thing to spend for the message he brought him? if he did I should commend my mans vvitt exceedingly if he vvould make himselfe drunke, vvith the ioy of it, farewell Lady, keepe good rule you two: I beseech you now : by Gods marry my man makes mee laugh.

Exit.

Prof. What a madde Doctor is this? come sister lets away.

Exeunt.

Enter Matheo and Bobadillo.

Mat. I vvonder signior vvhat they vvill say of my going away : ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say? but as of a discret gentleman, Quick, wary, respectfull of natures, (man.
Fayre liniamentes, and thats all.

Mat. Why so, but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kinde of grosse batterie vsed, layd on strongly : borne most paciently, and thats all.

Mat. I but would any man haue offered it in *Venice*?

Bob. Tut I assure you no : you shall haue there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentilezza*, come in brauely vpon your reuerse, stand you close, stand you ferme, stand you fayre, saue your reticato with his left legge, come to the assaulto with the right, thrust with braue Steele, defie your base wood. But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was bewitcht by Iesu : but I will be reuengd.

Mat. Do you heare ist not best to get a warrant and haue him arrested, and brought before doctor *Clement*.

Bob. It were not amille would we had it.

Enter Musco.

Mat. Why here comes his man, lets speake to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speake.

Mat. God saue you sir,

Mus. With all my hart sir?

Mat. Sir there is one *Giuliano* hath abused this gentleman
and

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and me, and we determine to make our amendes by law, now if you would do vs the fauour to procure vs a warrant for his arest of your maister, you shall be well considered I assure, I sayth sir.

Mus. Sir you know my seruice is my liuing, such fauours as these gotten of my maister is his onely preferment, and therefore you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that?

Mus. Fayth sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be of great accompt: yet be what he will, if you will lay me downe five crownes in my hand, you shall haue it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do signior? you haue no monie.

Bob. Not a crosse by Iesu.

Mat. Nor I before God but two pence: left of my two shillings in the morning for vvine and cakes, let's giue him some pawne.

Bob. Pawne? we haue none to the value of his demaunde.

Mat. Oh Lord man, ile pawne this iewell in my care, and you may pawne your silke stockings, and pull vp your bootes, they will neare be mist.

Bob. Well and there be no remedie: ile step aside and put them of.

Mat. Doe you heare sir, we haue no store of monie at this time, but you shall haue good pawnes, looke you sir, this Iewell, and this gentlemans silke stockings, because we would haue it dispatcht ere we went to our chambers.

Mus. I am content sir, I will get you the warrant presently whats his name say you (*Giulliano.*)

Mat. I, I, *Giulliano.*

Mus. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall bigge man sir, he goes in a cloake most commonly of silke russet: layd about with russet lace.

Mus. Tis very good sir.

Mat. Here sir, heres my iewell?

K 2.

Bobs

Euery man in his Humor.

Bob. And heare are stockins.

Mus. Well gentlemen ile procure this vvaarrant presently, and appoynt you a varlet of the citie to serue it, if youle be vpon the Realto anone, the varlet shall meete you there.

Mat. Very good sir I vvish no better.

Exeunt Bobadilla and Matheo.

Mus. This is rare, now vvill I goe pawne this cloake of the docters mans at the brokers for a varlets sute, and be the varlet my selfe, and get eyther more pawnes, or more money of *Giuliano* for my arrest.

Exit.

ACTVS QVINTVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Lorenzo senior.

Lo. se. Oh heare it is, I am glad I haue found it now,
Hod vvho is vvithin heare? *Enter Tib.*

Tib. I am within sir, whats your pleasure?

Lo. se. To know vvho is vvithin besides your selfe.

Tib. Why sir, you are no constable I hope?

Lo. se. O feare you the constable? then I doubt not,
You haue some guests within deserue that feare,
He fetch him straight.

Tib. A Gods name sir.

Lo. se. Go to, tell me is not the young *Lorenzo* here?

Tib. Young *Lorenzo*, I saw none such sir, of mine honestie.

Lo. se. Go to, your honestie flies too lightly from you:
Theres no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable, the man is mad I think. *Claps to the doore,*

Enter Pizo, and Biancha.

Pizo. Ho, vvho keepes house here?

Lo. se. Oh, this is the female copes-mate of my sonne.
Now shall I meete him straight.

Bia. Knocke *Pizo* pray thee.

Pi. Ho good vvife.

Tib. Why vvhat's the matter vvith you. *Enter Tib.*

Bia. Why vvoman, grieues it you to ope your doore?
Belike you get something to keepe it shut.

Tib. What meane these questions pray ye?

Bia.

Euery man in his Humor.

Bia. So strange you make it? is not *Thorello* my tryed husband here.

Loſe. Her husband?

Tib. I hope he needes not to be tryed here.

Bia. No dame: he hath it not for neede but pleasure.

Tib. Neyther for neede nor pleasure is he here.

Loſe. This is but a deuise to balke me vvith al; Soft, whoes this? *Enter Thorello.*

Bia. Oh sir, haue I fore-stald your honest market?
Found your close walkes? you stand amazd now, do you?
I sayth (I am glad) I haue smokt you yet at last;
Whats your iewell trow? In: come lets see her;
Fetch forth your huswife, dame; if she be fayrer
In any honest iudgement then my selfe,
He be content vvith it: but she is chaunge,
She feedes you fat; she soothes your appetite,
And you are well: your vvife an honest vvoman,
Is meate twise sod to you sir; A you trecher.

Loſe. She cannot counterfeit this palpably.

Tho. Out on thee more then strumpets impudencie,
Stealst thou thus to thy hauntes? and haue I taken,
Thy baud, and thee, and thy companion?
This hoary headed letcher, this olde goate
Close at your villanie, and wouldst thou scuse it,
With this stale harlots iest, accusing me?
O ould incontinent, dost thou not shame,
When all thy powers in chastitie is spent,
To haue a minde so hot? and to entise
And feede the intisements of a lustfull woman?

Bia. Out I defie thee I, defembling wretch:

Tho. Defie me strumpet? aske thy paunder here,
Can he denie it? or that wicked elder.

Loſe. Why heare you signior?

Tho. Tut, tut, neuer speake,
Thy guiltie conscience will discouer thee:

Loſe. What lunacie is this that haunts this man?

Euery man in his humor.

Enter Giulliano.

Giu. Oh sister did you see my cloake?

Bia. Not I, I see none.

Giu. Gods life I haue lost it then, saw you *Hesperida*?

Tho. *Hesperida*? is she not at home

Giu. No she is gone abroads, and no body can tell me of it
at home. *Exit.*

Tho. Oh heauen,? abroads? what light? a harlot too?
Why? why? harke you, hath she? hath she not a brother?
A brothers house to keepe? to looke vnto?
But she must fling abroads, my wife hath spoild her,
She takes right after her, she does, she does,

Well you goody baud and ——— *Enter Cob.*

That make your husband such a hoddody dody;
And you young apple squire, and olde cuckold maker,
Ile haue you euery one before the Doctor,
Nay you shall answere it I charge you goe.

Lise. Marry with all my hart, ile goe willingly: how haue
I vvrongd my selfe in comming here.

Bi. Go with thee? ile go with thee to thy shame, I warrant thee.

Cob. Why, vvhat is the matter? vvhat is here to doe?

Tho. What *Cob* art thou here? oh I am abusd,
And in thy house, vv as neuer man so vvrongd.

Cob. Slid in my house? vvho vvrongd you in my house?

Tho. Marry young lutt in olde, and olde in young here,
Thy wifes their baud, here haue I taken them.

Cob. Doe you here? did I not, charge you *Cob beates his*
keepe your dores shut here, and do you let *wife.*
them lie open for all comers, do you scratch.

Lise. Friend haue patience if she haue done wrong in this
let her answere it afore the Magistrate.

Cob. I, come, you shall goe afore the Doctor.

Tib. Nay, I will go, ile see and you may be aloud to beate
your poore wife thus at euery cuckoldly knaues pleasure, the
Diuell and the Pox take you all for me: vvhy doe you not
goe now.

Tho.

Euery man in his Humor.

Tho. A bitter queane, come weele haue you tamd. *Exeunt*

Enter Musco alone.

Mus. Well of all my disguises yet now am I most like my selfe, beeing in this varlets suite, a man of my present profession neuer counterfeites till he lay holde vpon a debtor, and sayes he rests him, for then he bringes him to al manner of vnrest; A kinde of little kings vve are, bearing the diminutiue of a mace made like a young Hartechocke that alwayes carries Pepper and salte in it selfe, well I know not what danger I vnder go by this exploite, pray God I come vvell of.

Enter Bobadilla and Matheo.

Mat. See I thinke yonder is the varlet.

Bob. Lets go inquest of him.

Mat. God saue you friend, are not you here by the appoyntment of doct^r *Clemants* man.

Mus. Yes and please you sir, he told me two gentlemen had wild him to procure an arest vpon one signior *Giulliano* by a vvarrant from his maister, vvhich I haue about me.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both, and see where hee coms you must arest, vppon him for Gods sake before hee beware,

Enter Stephano.

Bob. Beare backe *Matheo*?

Mus. Signior *Giulliano* I arest you sir in the Dukes name.

Step. Signior *Giulliano*? am I signior *Giulliano*? I am one signior *Stephano* I tell you, and you do not vvell by Gods flid to arest me, I tell you truely; I am not in your mailters bookes, I would you should vvell know I: and a plague of God on you for making me afrayd thus.

Mus. Why, how are you deceiued gentlemen?

Bob. He weares such a cloake, and that deceiued vs,
But see here a coms, officer, this is he.

Enter Giulliano.

Giul. Why how now signior gull: are you a turnd flincher of late, come deliuer my cloake.

Step. Your cloake sir? I bought it euen now in the market.

K 4.

Mus.

Euery man in his humor.

Mus. Signior *Giulliano* I must arrest you sir.

Gin. Arrest me sir, at whose suite?

Mus. At these two gentlemens.

Gin. I obey thee varlet; but for these villianes—

Mus. Keepe the peace I charge you sir, in the Dukes name
Sir.

Gin. Whats the matter varlet?

Mus. You must goe before maister doctor *Clement* sir, to
answere what these gentlemen will object agaynst you, harke
you sir, I will vse you kindly.

Mat. Weele be euca with you sir, come signior *Bobadilla*,
weele goe before and prepare the doctor: varlet looke to him.

Exeunt Bobadilla and Matheo.

Bob. The varlet is a tall man by Iesu.

Gin. Away you rascalles,

Signior I shall haue my cloake.

Step. Your cloake: I say once agayne I bought it, and ile
keepe it.

Gin. You will keepe it?

Step. I, that I will.

Gin. Varlet stay, heres thy fee arrest him.

Mus. Signior *Stephano* I arrest you.

Step. Arrest me? there take your cloake: ile none of it.

Gin. Nay that shall not serue your turne, varlet, bring him
away, ile goe with thee now, to the doctors, and carry him
along.

Step. Why is not here your cloake? what would you haue?

Gin. I care not for that.

Mus. I pray you sir.

Gin. Neuer talke of it; I will haue him answer it.

Mus. Well sir then ile leaue you, ile take this gentlemans
woorde for his appearance, as I haue done yours.

Gin. Tut ile haue no woordes taken, bring him along to
answere it.

Mus. Goød sir I pitie the gentlemans case, heres your mo-
nie agayne.

Gin. Gods

Euery man in his Humor.

Giul. Gods bread, tell not me of my monie, bring him away I say.

Mus. I warrant you, he will goe with you of himselfe.

Giul. Yet more adoe?

Mus. I haue made a fayre mashe of it.

Step. Must I goe?

Exeunt.

*Enter doctor Clement, Thorello, Lorenzo se. Bianchia,
Pizo, Tib, a seruant or two of the Doctors.*

Clem. Nay but stay, stay giue me leaue; my chayre sirha? you signior *Lorenzo* say you vvent thether to meete your sonne.

Lo. se. I sir.

Clem. But vvho directed you thether?

Lo. se. That did my man sir?

Clem. Where is hee?

Lo. se. Nay I know not now, I left him vvith your clarke,
And appoynted him to stay here for me.

Clem. About vvhat time vvwas this?

Lo. se. Marry betweene one and two as I take it.

Clem. So, what time came my man with the messago to you
Signior *Thorello*?

Tho. After two sir.

Clem. Very good, but Lady how that you were at *Cobs*; ha?

Bia. And please you sir, ile tell you: my brother *Prospero*
tolde me that *Cobs* house vvwas a suspected place.

Clem. So it appeares me thinkes; but on,

Bia. And that my husband vsed thether dayly;

Clem. No matter, so he vse himselfe vvell.

Bia. True sir, but you know vvhat growes by such haunts
oftentimes.

Clem. I, ranke fruites of a iealous brayne Lady: but did you
finde your husband there in that case, as you suspected.

Tho. I found hier there sir.

Clem. Did you so? that alters the case; who gaue you know-
ledge of your wiues beeing there?

Tho. Marry that did my brother *Prospero*.

L.

Clem.

Euery man in his Humor.

Clem. How *Prospero*, first tell her, then tell you after? vvhich is *Prospero*.

Tho. Gone vvith my sister sir, I know not vvither.

Clem. Why this is a meare tricke, a deuise; you are gulled in this most grossly: alas! poore vvench vvert thou beaten for this, how now sir ha vvhat the matter? *Enter one of the Do. men.*

Ser. Sir theres a gentleman in the court vvithout desires to speake vvith your vvorship.

Clem. A gentleman? vvhat he?

Ser. A Souldier, sir, he sayeth.

Clem. A Souldier? fetch me my armour, my sworde, quickly a souldier speake vvith me, vvhy vvhen knaues, — come on, come on, hold my cap there, so; giue me my gorget, my sword stand by I vvill end your matters anone; let the souldier enter, now sir vvhat haue you to say to me?

Enter Bobadillo and Matheo.

Bob. By your vvorships fauour.

Clem. Nay keepe out sir, I know not your pretence, you send me vvord sir you are a souldier, vvhy sir you shall bee answered here, here be them haue beene amongst souldiers. Sir your pleasure.

Bob. Fayth sir so it is: this gentleman and my selfe haue beene most violently vvronged by one signior *Giuliano*: a gallant of the citie here, and for my owne part I protest, beeing a man in no sorte giuen to this filthy humor of quarreling, he hath assaulted me in the vvay of my peace: dispoyle me of mine honor, disarmd me of my vvweapons, and beaten me in the open streetes: vvhen I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. Oh Gods precious is this the souldier? here take my armour quickly, twill make him swoone I feare; he is not fit to looke on't, that vvill put vp a blow.

Enter Seruant.

Mat. Andt please your vvorship he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, and he were sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Ser.

Euery man in his Humor.

Ser. There is one of the varlets of the citie, has brought two gentlemen here vpon arrest sir.

Clem. Bid him come in, set by the picture: now
sir, what? signior *Giulliano*? ist you that are arrested at signior freshwaters suit here.

Enter Mus.

with Giu. &

Stephano.

Giu. Ifayth maister Doctor, and heres another brought at my suite.

Clem. What are yo sir.

Step. A gentleman sir? oh vncke?

Clem. Vncke? vvho, *Lorenzo*?

Lo.se. I Sir.

Step. Gods my vvittnesse my vncke, I am vvrongd here monstrously, he chargeth me vvith stealing of his cloake, & vvould I might neuer stir, if I did not finde it in the street by chance.

Giu. Oh did you finde it now? you saide you bought it ere vvhile?

Step. And you sayd I stole it, nay now my vnckle is here I care not.

Clem. Well let this breath a while; you that haue cause to complaine there, stand foorth; had you a vvarrant for this arrest.

Bob. I andt please your vvorship.

Clem. Nay do not speake in passion so, vvhere had you it?

Bob. Of your clarke sir.

Clem. Thats vvell and my clarke can make vvarrants, and my hand not at them; vvhere is the vvarrant? varlet haue you it?

Mus. No sir your vvorshippes man bid me doe it; for these gentlemen and he vvould be my discharge.

Clem. Why signior *Giulliano*, are you such a nouice to be arrested and neuer see the vvarrant?

Giu. Why sir, he did not arrest me.

Clem. No? how then?

Giu. Marry sir he came to me and sayd he must arrest me, and he vvould vse me kindly, and so foorth.

Clem. Oh Gods pittie, vvvas it so sir, he must arrest you: giue

Euery man in his Humor.

me my long sworde there : helpe me of; so, come on sir varlet,
I must cut of your legges sirha; nay stand vp ile vlc you kindly;
I must cut of your legges I say.

Mus. Oh good sir I beseech you, nay good maister doctor,
Oh good sir.

Clem. I must do it; there is no remedie;
I must cut of your legges sirha.
I must cut of your eares, you rascall I must do it;
I must cut of your nose, I must cut of your head.

Mus. Oh for God sake good Maister Doctor.

Clem. Well rise how doest thou now? doest thou feele thy
selfe well? hast thou no harme?

Mus. No I thanke God sir and your good worshippe.

Clem. Why so I sayd I must cut of thy legges, and I must
cut of thy armes, and I must cut of thy head: but I did not
do it: so you sayd you must arrest this gentleman, but you
did not arrest him you knaue, you slauce, you rogue, do you say
you must arrest sirha: away with him to the iayle. ile teach
you a tricke for your must.

Mus. Good M. Doctor I beseech you be good to me.

Clem. Marry a God: away with him I say.

Mus. Nay I blood before. I goe to prison, ile put on my olde
brazen face, and disclaime in my vocation: Ile discover thats
flat, and I be committed, it shall be for the committing of
more villainies then this, hang me, and I loose the least graine
of my fame.

Clem. Why? vvhcn knaue? by Gods marry, ile clappe thee
by the heeles to.

Mus. Hold, hold, I pray you.

Clem. Whats the matter? stay there.

Mus. Fayth sir afore I goe to this house of bondage, I haue
a case to vnfold to your worshippe: which (that it may ap-
peare more playne vnto your worshippes view) I do thus first
of all vncafe, & appeare in mine owne proper nature, seruant
to this gentleman: and knowne by the name of *Musco.*]

Loſe. Ha? *Musco.*

Step. Oh vncle, *Musco* has beene with my cosen and I
all

Euery man in his Humor.

all this day.

Clem. Did not I tell you there was some deuise.

Mus. Nay good M. Doctor since I hane layd my selfe thus open to your worship: now stand strong for me, till the progresse of my tale be ended, and then if my vvitt do not deserue your countenance: Slight throw it on a dogge, and let me goe hang my selfe.

Cle. Body of me a merry knaue, giue me a boule of Sack, signior *Lorenzo*, I bespeak yont patience in perticuler, marry your cares in generall, here knaue, Doctor *Clement* drinke to thee.

Mus. I pledge M. Doctor and't were a sea to the bottome.

Cle. Fill his boule for that, fill his boule: so, now speak freely.

Mus. Indeede this is it will make a man speake freely. But to the poynt, know then that I *Musco* (beeing somewhat more trusted of my maister then reason required, and knowing his intent to *Flurence*) did assume the habit of a poore souldier in waits, and minding by some means to intercept his iorney in the mist way, twixt the grandg and the city, I encountred him; where begging of him in the most accomplisht and true garbe (as they tearme it) contrarie to al expectation, he reclaimd me from that bad course of life; entertayned me into his seruice, imployed me in his busines, possesst me with his secrets, which I no sooner had receiued, but (seeking my young maister, and finding him at this gentlemans house) I reuealed all most amply: this done, by the deuise of signior *Prospero*, and him together, I returnd (as the Rauen did to the Arke) to mine olde maister againe, told him he should finde his sonne in what manner he knows, at one *Cobs* house, where indeede he neuer ment to come, now my maister he to maintayne the rest, went thither, and iest me with your vvorships clarke: vvho being of a most fine supple disposition (as most of your clarkes are) professes me the wine, which I had the grace to accept very easily; and to the tauerne we went: there after much cereinonie, I made him drunke in kindenesse, stript him to his shurt, and leauing him in that coole vayne, departed, frolicke, courtier like, hauing obtayned a suit: which suit fitting me exceedingly

Euery man in his humor.

well, I put on, and vsurping your mans phrase & action, caried a message to Signior *Thorello* in your name: vvhich message vvas meereley deuised but to procure his absence, while signior *Prospero* might make a conueiance of *Hesperida* to my maister.

Clem. Stay, fill me the boule agayne, here; twere pittie of his life vwould not cherish such a spirite: I drinke to thee, fill him wine, why now do you perceiue the tricke of it.

Tho. I, I, perceiue vvell vve vvere all abusd-

Lo.se. Well vvhath remedie?

Clem. Where is *Lorenzo*, and *Prospero* canst thou tell?

Mus. I sir, they are at supper at the *Meeremaid*, where I left your man.

Clem. Sirha goe vvarne them hether presently before me: and if the hower of your fellowes resurrection become bring him to. But forward, forward, vwhen thou hadst beene at *Thorellos*.

Exit servant.

Mus. Marry sir (coimming along the streete) these two gentlemen meet me, and very strongly supposing me to be your vvorships scribe, entreated me to procure them a vvarrant, for the arrest of signior *Giulliano*, I promist them vpon some paire of silke stockins or a iewell, or so, to do it, and to get a varlet of the citie to serue it, vvhich varlet I appoynted should meete them vpon the Realto at such an houre, they no sooner gone, but I in a meere hope of more gaine by signior *Giulliano*, went to one of *Satans* old Ingles a broker, & there paund your mans liuerie, for a varlets suite, vvhich here vvith my selfe, I offer vnto your vvorships consideration.

Clem. Well giue me thy hand: *Proh. superi ingenium magnum quis noscit Homerum. Illas æternum si latuisset opus?* I admire thee I honor thee, and if thy maister, or any man here be angry with thee, I shall suspect his wit while I know him for it, doe you heare Signior *Thorello*, Signior *Lorenzo*, and the rest of my good friendes, I pray you let me haue peace when they come, I haue sent for the two gallants and *Hesperida*, Gods marry I must haue you friendes, how now? what noyse is there?

Enter servant, then Peto.

Ser. Sir it is *Peto* is come home.

Clem.

Euery man in his Humor.

Cle. *Peto* bring him hether, bring him hether, what how now signior drunckard, in armes against me, ha? your reason your

Pe. I beseech your worship to pardon me. (reason for this.

Clem. Well, sir ha tell him I do pardon him.

Pe. Truly sir I did happen into bad companie by chance and they cast me in a sleepe and stript me of all my cloathes.

Clem. Tut this is not to the purpose touching your armour, what might your armour signifie.

Pe. Marry sir it hung in the roome where they stript me, and I borrowed it of on of the drawers, now in the euening to come home in, because I was loth to come through the street in my

Enter Lorenzo junior, Prospero, Helperida. (thurt.

Clem. Well disarme him, but its no matter let him stand by, who be these? oh young gallants; welcome, welcome, and you Lady, nay neuer scatter such amazed lookes amongst vs, *Qui nil potest sperare desperet nihil.*

Prof. Faith M. Do not thats euen I, my hopes are smal, and my dispaire shal be as little, Brother, sister, brother what clondy, clondy? *and will noe sun shine on these lookes appeare*, well since there is such a tempest towarde, ile be the porpuiſ, ile daunce: wench be of good cheare, thou hast a cloake for the rayne yet, where is he? Shart how now, the picture of the prodigal, go to ile haue the calfe drest for you at my charges.

Lo. se. Well sonne *Lorenzo*, this dayes worke of yours hath much deceiued my hopes, troubled my peace, and stretcht my patience further then became the spirite of dutie.

Cle. Nay Gods pitie signior *Lorenzo* you shal vrge it no more come since you are here, ile haue the disposing of all, but first signior *Giullio* at my request take your cloake agayne.

Giu. Well sir I am content.

Cle. Stay now let me see, oh signior *Snow* liuer I had almost forgotten him, and your *Genius* there, what doth he suffer for a good conscience to? doth he beare his crosse with patience.

Mu. Nay they haue scarce one cros between the both to beare,

Clem. Why doeſt thou know him, what is he? what is he?

Mu. Marry search his pocket sir, and thele shew you he is an Author Sir.

Euery man in his humor.

Cle. *Dic mihi musa virum:* are you an Author sir, giue me leaue a little, come on sir, ile make verses with you now in honor of the Gods, and the Goddeses for what you dare *extempore*; and now I beginne.

Mount the vry Pblegon muse, and testifie,

How Saturne sitting in an Ebon cloud,

Disrobd his podex, white as iurie,

And through the welkin thundred all aloud. theres for you sir.

Prof. Oh he writes not in that height of stile.

Clem. No: weele come a steppe or two lower then.

From Catadupa and the bankes of Nile,

Where onely breeds your monstrous Crocodile:

Now are we purposed for to fetch our stile.

Prof. Oh too farre fetcht for him still maister Doctor:

Clem. I, say you so, lets intreat a sight of his vaine then?

Prof. Signior, maister Doctor desires to see a sight of your vaine, nay you must not denie him.

Cle. What; al this verse, body of me he carries a whole realme; a common wealth of paper in his hose, lets see some of his subiects.

Vnto the boundlesse ocean of thy bevtie,

Rannes this poore river, charg'd with st reames of zeale,

Returning thee the tribute of my dutie:

Which here my youth, my plaints, my loue reueale.

Good? is this your owne inuention?

Ma. No sir, I translated that out of a booke, called *Delia*.

C. Oh but I wold see some of your owne, some of your owne.

Mu. Sir; heres the beginning of a sonnet I made to my mistresse.

Clem. That that: who? to *Maddona Hesperida* is she your mistresse.

Prof. It pleaseth him to call her so, sir.

Clem. *In Sommer time when Phæbus golden rages.*

You translated this too? did you not?

Prof. No this is inuention; he found it in a ballad.

Mu. Fayth sir, I had most of the conceite of it out of a ballad in deede.

Clem

Euery man'in his Humor.

Clem. Conceite, fetch me a couple of torches, sirha,
I may see the conceite : quickly ? its very darke?

Giu. Call you this poetry?

Lo.in. Poetry? nay then call blasphemie, religion;
Call Diuels, Angels; and Sinne, pietie :
Eet all things be preposterously transchangd.

Lo.se. Why how now sonne? what? are you startied now?
Hath the brize prickt you? ha? go te; you see,
How abiectly your Poetry is ranckt, in generall opinion.

Lo.in. Opinion, O God let grosse opiniõ sinck & be dainnd
As deepe as *Barathrum*,

If it may stand with your most wisht content,
I can refell opinion and approue,

The state of poesie, such as it is,
Blessed, æternall, and most true deuine :

Indeede if you will locke on Poesie,

As she appeares in many, poore and lame,
Patcht vp in remnants and olde worne ragges,

Halfe starud for want of her peculiar foode :

Sacred inuention, then I must conferme,

Both your conceite and censure of her merrite,

But view her in her glorious ornaments,

Attired in the maiestie of arte,

Set high in spirite vvith the precious taste,

Of sweete philosophie, and vvich is most,

Crownd vvith the rich traditions of a soule,

That hates to haue her dignitie prophand,

With any relish of an earthly thought :

Oh then how proud a presence doth she beare.

Then is she like her selfe fit to be scene,

Of none but graue and consecrated eyes :

Nor is it any blemish to her fame,

That such leane, ignorant, and blasted wits,

Such brainlesse guls, should vtter their stolne wares

With such applause in our vulgar eares :

Or that their slubberd lines haue currant passe,

From the fat iudgements of the multitude,

M.

But

Euery man in his Humor.

But that this barren and infected age,
Should set no difference twixt theire empty spirits,
And a true Poet : then which reuerend name,
Nothing can more adorne humanitie. *Enter with torches.*

Clem. I *Lorenzo*, but election is now governd altogether
by the influence of humor, which instead of those holy flames
that should direct and light the soule to eternitie, hurles forth
nothing but: smooke and congested vapours, that stifle her vp,
& bereaue her of al sight & motion. But she must haue store of
Elle bore, giuen her to purge these grosse obstructions: oh thats
well sayd, giue me thy torch, come lay this stuffe together. So,
giue fire? there, see, see, how our Poets glory shines brighter,
and brighter, still, still it increaseth, oh now its at the highest,
and now it declines as fast : you may see gallants, *Sic transit glo-
ria mundi*, Well now my two Signior out sides, stand forth,
and lend me your large eares, to a sentence, to a sentence : first
you signior shall this night to the cage, and so shall you sir,
from thence to morrow morning, you signior shall be carried
to the market crosse, and be there bound : and so shall you sir,
in a large motlie coate, with a rodde at yo ur girdle; and you in
an olde suite of sackcloth, and the ashes of your papers (saue
the ashes sirha) shall mourne all day, and at night both toge-
ther sing some ballad of repentance very pitteously, which
you shall make to the tune of *Who list to leade and a souldiers life*.
Sirha bil man, imbrace you this torch, and light the gentlemen
to their lodgings, and because we tender their safetic, you shall
watch them to night, you are provided for the purpose, away
and looke to your charge with an open eye sirha.

Bob. Well I am armd in soule agaynst the worst of fortune.

Mat. Fayth so should I be, and I had slept on it.

Pe. I am armd too, but I am not like to sleepe on it.

Mus. Oh how this pleaseth me. *Exeunt.*

Clem. Now Signior *Thorello*, *Giuliano*, *Prospero*, *Biancha*.

Se:p. And not me sir.

Clem. Yes and you sir: I had lost a sheepe and he had not
bleated, I must haue you all friends: but first a worde with
you

Euery man in his Humor.

you young gallant, and you Lady.

Giu. Wel brother *Prospero* by this good light that shines here I am loth to kindle fresh coles; but and you had come in my walke within these two houres I had giuen you that you should not haue clawne of agayne in hast, by Iesus I had done it, I am the arrenst rogue that euer breathd else, but now be-shrew my hart if I beare you any malice in the earth.

Prof. Fayth I did it but to hould vp a iest: and helpe my sister to a husband. but brother *Thorello*, and sister, you haue a spice of the yeaious yet both of you, (in your hose I meane,) come do not dwell vpon your anger so much, lets all be smoth fore headed once agayne.

Tho. He playes vpon my fore head, brother *Giuliano*, I pray you tell me one thing I shall aske you: is my forehead any thing rougher then it was wont to be.

Giu. Rougher? your forehead is smoth enough man.

Tho. Why should he then say? be smoth foreheaded, Vnlesse he iested at the smothnesse of it?
And that may be; for horne is very smoth;
So are my browes? by Iesu, smoth as hornes?

Bia. Brother had he no haunt thether in good fayth?

Prof. No vpon my soule.

Bia. Nay then sweet hart: nay I pray the be not angry, good faith ile neuer suspect thee any more, nay kisse me sweet mulle.

Tho. Tell me *Biancha*, do not you play the woman with me.

Bia. Whats that sweet hart.

Tho. Dissemble?

Bia. Dissemble?

Tho. Nay doe not turne away: but say I fayth was it not a match appoynted twixt this old gentleman and you?

Bia. A match.

Tho. Nay if it were not, I do not care: do not weepe I pray thee sweete *Biancha*, nay so now? by Iesus I am not ieaious, but resolu'd I haue the faythfull wife in *Italie*.

For this I finde where ieaiousie is fed,

Horres in the minde, are worse then on the head.

Every man in his Humor.

See what a droue of hornes flie in'the ayre;
Winged with my cleansed, and my credulous breath:
Watch them suspicious eyes; watch where they fall,
See sea, on heades that thinke they haue none at all,
O that I had a plan your world of this will come.

When your reynes berne, all men before of some.

Clem. Why that's well; come then: what say you are all agreed? doth none stand out.

Pro. None but this gentleman: to whom in my owne person I owe all dutie and affection: but most seriously intreate pardoning for whatsoeuer hath past in these occurrences, that might be contrarie to his most desired content.

V. L. Faith sir it is a vertue that persues,
Any faue rude and yncompoused spirites,
To make a fayre construction and indeede
Not to stand of; when such respectiue meanes,
Inuite a generall content in all.

Clem. Well then I coniure you all here to put of all discontentment, first you Signior *Lorenzo* your cares; you, and you, your iealosie: you your anger, and you your wit sir; and for a peace offering, heres one willing to be sacrificed vppon this altur: say do you approue my motion?

Pro. We doe ile the mouth for all.

Clem. VVhy then I wish them all ioy, and now to make our euening happinesse more full: this night you shall be all my guestes: where wee le inioy the very spirite of mirth, and carouse to the health of this *Heroick* spirite, whom to honor the more I do inuest in my owne robes, desiring you two *Giulliano*, and *Prospero*, to be his supporters, the trayne to follow, my selfe will leade, vsher'd by my page here with this honorable verse. *Claudite iam riuos pueri sat prata biberunt.*

FINIS.

[illegible]

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Jonson, Ben, 1573?-1637.
Every man in his humour, 1601

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